

The Australian

Over 725,000 Copies Sold Every Week

Registered in Australia for
transmission by post as a
newspaper.

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

SEPTEMBER 16, 1953

PRICE



SPRING PATTERN ISSUE—15 styles to make

Does the work of 100 hands!

The Amazing new...

ZIP HOME KNITTING MACHINE



36,000 STITCHES PER HOUR IS THE AVERAGE SPEED OF ZIP KNITTING

It takes only minutes to learn... it can save you thousands of hours of work. ZIP Home Knitting Machines bring you a completely new knitting method that carves hours of tedious work out of every knitting job. It is a new adventure in knitting, for ZIP does the work of 100 hands, makes almost any type of knitwear garment in a fraction of the time hand knitting takes. Join in this absorbing, exciting home pastime that has swept into popularity in Australia, New Zealand and U.S.A. Get your ZIP now! It's priced easily within everybody's budget.



Every Style of Garment...

Above, are just two of the many hundreds of cosy knitwear garments, including all sorts of jumpers, frocks, skirts, underwear, babies' wear, etc. that ZIP can make for you, your family and your friends, easily and so amazingly quickly.

Money Back in Savings!

ZIP not only saves you time—you save the expense of high-priced ready-made knitwear... you save up to 25% of the wool normally used in hand knitting the same garments... you save the cost of many gifts you can make so cheaply yourself. And finally, you can make money easily knitting for friends or shops. You can get back the small investment in your new ZIP Home Knitting Machine over and over again!

9 Exclusive Patterns



ZIP Pattern Book No. 1—the first of a regular series of Pattern Books—is incorporating exclusive ZIP designs and knitting instructions, is on sale now—price 2/-.

See daily demonstrations at your ZIP Distributors:—
VICTORIA: The Myer Emporium Ltd., Melbourne & Country Branches.
N.S.W.: Nick & Kirby Pty. Ltd., Sydney.
S.H. AUST.: The Myer Emporium Ltd., Adelaide.
WEST. AUST.: Foy & Gibson (W.A.) Ltd., Perth & Country Branches.
TASMANIA: Fitzgerald's & Co., Hobart.
QUEENSLAND: Finney Isles Ltd., & T. C. Beirne Ltd., BRISBANE.
NEW ZEALAND: Distributors in all Main Cities.
Agents: Geo. Pirzey & Son (N.Z.) Ltd.
MAIL ORDERS ACCEPTED

The Defence of Western Europe

By Drew Middleton

The world's most seething melting pot, where aims, plans and ideas change from week to week, is a fitting problem for this experienced observer's analysis. Objective and comprehensive, this is a valuable record of conditions as they are—and an interesting speculation on what they may be.

18/9

From all Booksellers

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

SEPTEMBER 16, 1953

Vol. 21, No. 16

THE HOPE OF THE FUTURE

CHILDREN were Australia's most valuable raw material, said the Governor-General, Sir William Slim, at a recent Legacy Week opening.

There is nothing new in Sir William's reminder. In fact, it belongs in the category of truisms so obvious that they are sometimes overlooked.

Of course, children are Australia's best potential. They are the country's best investment and a token of faith and hope of the nation's future as well.

"Make the world safe for our children" used to be urged. But if the present adult generation makes the world safe for itself it automatically makes the world safe for its children.

If this is admitted, the conclusion is that the present and therefore the future of the nation is dependent to a staggering extent on the well-being and welfare of Australian mothers.

In the past quarter-century Governments have shown by welfare measures their awareness of this fact.

They are beginning to acknowledge that even the best is only just good enough for the woman who gives hostages to the nation's future. But Governments need to be kept up to the mark.

Sir William's reminder will not go amiss today when the cry "populate or perish" is as urgent as when it was first made.

Better than the best of all possible migrants in this country of rich promise are the people who, if their parents secure it, will inherit it. They are the children born and reared in Australia.

Our cover:

On the cover are two clean-cut dresses to keep you cool in town and at work. Both dresses are designed for maximum comfort during summer weather. On page 34 Betty Keep tells you how to obtain paper patterns for them. On pages 32 and 33 you will find, illustrated in color, seven other fashions you can make yourself, along with instructions on how to obtain the necessary patterns. Page 37 carries our regular Fashion Patterns.

This week:

Dorothy Drain's column, "It Seems To Me," is missing from this week's paper and will be for the next three issues as she is on leave.

On pages 12 and 13 are reproduced eight portraits of women taken 80 years ago in Sydney by Freeman and Co. Ltd. Freemans dug out an illuminated card from their files to show the way advertising used to be done in the spacious days of Queen Victoria. The card, "soliciting the honor of a visit of inspection" to the firm's new premises, explained that these premises comprised "a Double Studio with complete suite of rooms adjoining, the whole of which are on the First Floor, thus avoiding all exertion to sitters beyond the easy mounting of one easy flight of stairs."

"The Enlarging, Printing, and Finishing Rooms are the most extensive in the colonies," the copy-writer went on, "so that, excepting unusually bad weather, all excuses for delay in executing orders are now happily at an end."

Next week:

One of our color features next week is devoted to Tasmania, which this month begins celebrating the 150th anniversary of the first settlement there. The island State is rich in historical associations as well as both natural and man-made beauty, and many of its convict-built landmarks have long been favorite subjects for artists and photographers. Our color cameras pay glowing tribute to Tasmania's picturesque attractions.

Reminiscences of a famous French authoress

Book review by AINSIE BAKER

NOT to know Colette is a literary loss of the greatest magnitude.

The most enchanting possible means of making the acquaintance of this great French writer offers itself in the volume of autobiographical reminiscences entitled "My Mother's House," and issued by her English publishers in honor of Colette's eightieth birthday, this year.

The rules of the French Academy do not permit a woman being admitted to the supreme honor of membership. Otherwise it seems certain that Colette would already be one of its "immortals."

However, as a Commandant of the Legion of Honor, Colette already holds France's second-highest literary distinction.

In underlining her heritage from her adorable mother, the beloved "Sido," "My Mother's House" is extraordinarily interesting in that it provides a key to Colette's whole character.

There is no need to look further than "Sido" the mother living in her provincial village, to whom Colette wrote every day from Paris. All her life Colette (her Christian name is Sidonie-Gabrielle and her maiden name Colette) has provoked outraged comment, and most of her life she has been the centre of storm and controversy.

Three times married, Colette, as a young woman, was a member of the Toulouse-Lautrec set of Bohemians whose head-

quarters was the Moulin Rouge. Later, as an actress and dancer, her performances were objected to by the police. She did not begin serious writing until the age of 40.

Her friendships and love affairs, even into old age, continued to shock Paris.

This is the woman who is the author of the exquisite childhood reminiscences that are now published as an English tribute to her eightieth birthday.

Apart from the delicate and minutely detailed picture we are given of Colette's happy childhood home with its flowers, animals, affection, and fascinating children, we meet Colette's own daughter, Bel-Gazou, the child of her second marriage to Henry de Jouvenel.

An outlandish and fascinating fact related here (I think for the first time) is that Colette had a quadroon grandfather. He is the father in the story entitled "My Father's Daughter."

Today, crippled with arthritis, her fuzzy mop of hair tinted pink-blond, and a sable rug over her knees, Colette receives France's intellectuals in her scarlet-walled room in a high Paris apartment.

Colette has 50 published books to her credit. One of them, "La Vagabonde," is accepted as one of the 12 best French novels of the century.

Published by Secker and Warburg. Our copy from Grahame Book Company, Sydney.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY
HEAD OFFICE: 188 Castlereagh Street, Sydney. Letters: Box 4808W, G.P.O.
MELBOURNE OFFICE: Newspaper House, 247 Collins Street, Melbourne. Letters: Box 185C, G.P.O.
BRISBANE OFFICE: 81 Elizabeth Street, Brisbane. Letters: Box 509P, G.P.O.
ADELAIDE OFFICE: 24-26 Halifax Street, Adelaide. Letters: Box 386A, G.P.O.
PERTH OFFICE: 40 Stirling Street, Perth. Letters: Box 491G, G.P.O.
TASMANIA: Letters to Sydney address.

Beware of "dry skin"—it adds years to your real age!

Drying skin often begins to show after 25, because the natural oil that keeps skin soft and fresh starts decreasing. But in Australia, many young women show signs of ageing skin in their early twenties. Our severe climate can make you look as many as ten years older than your real age.

Watch out for trouble spots—flaky patches. Use a special replacer to offset the drying out of your skin's natural oil by age and the Australian climate. Use this special Pond's lanolin-rich Dry Skin Cream. Give extra attention to trouble-spots—this way:



That Matronly-looking Sagging shows along your chin-line.

To Tone Up—"Pinch" along chin to ear with lanolin-rich Pond's Dry Skin Cream to give skin rich lubrication.



Criss-cross lines under eyes will print themselves in, if your skin is dry, papery.

To smooth—Cream-over those tiny dry lines nightly with lanolin-rich Pond's Dry Skin Cream. 3 features make Pond's Dry Skin Cream extra effective for dry skin. Rich in lanolin; homogenized to soak in better; contains a special emulsifier for extra softening; Pond's Dry Skin Cream brings that gloriously smooth, young look to your skin. The Princess Muiat says: "Pond's Dry Skin Cream brings my skin softening help immediately." #D34

Arlington PLATE
"The choice for a Lifetime"



GUARANTEED FOR 50 YEARS

Also in Old English & other styles. If undesirable, contact Philip Lazarus Pty. Ltd., Box 2194, G.P.O., Sydney.



ARLINGTON



Make Baby's Hair GROW CURLY 4 Weeks Treatment 3/11 EVERYWHERE
Curlypet



Both men were very wide of the mark
when they began speculating on . . .

THE GIRL AT TABLE SIX

FROM the very beginning, she puzzled and attracted me.

The first time I saw her she was crossing the foyer of the restaurant. It was after two o'clock, which is late for a luncheon guest, even at Kell's. She seemed deliberate and unhurried, with the self-possession of a woman twice her age. She was, I judged, on the nice side of thirty.

Her hair was the color of cinnamon. Her eyes were large and handsome, brown as grilled mushrooms. Her complexion was particularly appetising, like thick, white cream.

She was tall. As I greeted her I observed her eyes were level with mine. Like a detective, a competent waiter must notice the eyes. They are the only sure index to the identity of patrons. Faces fill out, or shrink, or sag into double chins. The eyes alone are unchanging.

"Good afternoon, madam," I said. "You are expecting someone, perhaps?"

"Oh no," she smiled. "I'm quite alone."

"This way, if you please, madam."

I led her to table six beside the panelled wall and motioned to Gregory to bring ice water and remove the extra setting. While pulling out her chair I noticed that her golden-brown suit matched the sunshine and autumn foliage outside.

As I turned away, two of our regular patrons signalled to me from their corner table, where they were dawdling over the last of their lunch.

"Who's the girl?" demanded Mr. Correy, the younger, unmarried, and better-looking half of the pair.

"I don't know. I never saw her before, sir."

"To keep as slim as she is, a woman has to be careful," re-

marked Mr. Bolton, who has a dusting of grey in his hair. "I think their diets are the reason why women are so mean."

"That girl doesn't have to diet," returned Mr. Correy. "A shape like hers is a gift from heaven."

The other laughed at him. "Don't be so naive, young fellow. After you're married you'll discover that your wife is more interested in the bathroom scales than she is in you."

"Gentlemen," I volunteered, "for your information, the young lady wears no rings on either hand."

"I knew it," boasted Mr. Correy. "She doesn't look harassed. Just hungry."

"Even if she's starving," said Mr. Bolton, "she will eat a salad, one slice of toasted whole wheat bread without butter, and a glass of skim milk."

"As usual, Henry, you're entirely mistaken," replied Mr. Correy. "I'll tell you all about her: She's late from shopping. A hungry girl wants meat. I believe she will choose an entree—perhaps the sweetbreads."

"I say no meat. For the check and tip."

"A wager," agreed Mr. Correy.

Both men fancy themselves as shrewd judges of food and people. Betting on what other guests will eat is a game they play in Kell's. "Sebastian!" Mr. Correy turned suddenly to me.

"Sir?"

"Can't you find out what she's ordered? I must be getting back to the office." He'd been at the table for more than two hours.

So I followed Gregory to the kitchen. When I returned they were arguing. "Chicken is meat," Mr. Correy insisted.

"Oh, no. If she's ordered chicken I shall refuse to pay."

"Gentlemen," I broke in, "the

young lady ordered grilled steak."

"Thanks for the lunch, Henry," said Mr. Correy triumphantly. "Some day you really must let me pay."

Mr. Bolton turned to me: "I can scarcely believe you, Sebastian."

"She has a healthy appetite," remarked Mr. Correy. "What else did she want?"

"Baked potato, plain salad with French dressing, and Welsh rarebit."

Mr. Correy nodded his approval. "A very intelligent selection. I believe I'll meet this handsome carnivore."

"I'm betting that you don't meet her within two weeks," Mr. Bolton spoke promptly.

"Wager. Sebastian is a witness," Mr. Correy looked at his watch. "It's five to three. I'll meet her and arrange to take her out within one week."

There was a foxlike expression on Mr. Bolton's face. "Taking her out won't be so easy. She's attractive enough so you'll have real competition."

"What of it?" asked Mr. Correy carelessly. "I've dated them after they were engaged." Then he added he really must get back to work.

He had hardly gone when a boy hurried in to say that Mr. Correy was in the bar and wished to speak to me at once. Mr. Correy offered me half of his expected winnings, provided I arranged an introduction for him.

"It's impossible, Mr. Correy. Our manager, Mr. Hanlon, would never allow a waiter to introduce one guest to another."

"All right. No harm in asking. What's she like, close up?"

"A low-pitched voice and a pleasant manner. Those two things

"Oh, doesn't that look good!"
Miss Piatt exclaimed, fondly
eyeing the hind of beef.

ILLUSTRATED BY
Dunlop

BY GEORGE BROOKS

"Soaping" dulls hair— Halo glorifies it!



Not a soap
Halo cannot leave
dulling soap film

Gives fragrant
"soft-water" lather
—needs no
special rinse!

Wonderfully
mild and
gentle—does not
dry or irritate

Removes
embarrassing
dandruff from both
hair and
scalp!

Leaves hair
soft, manageable—
shining with colourful
natural highlights.
Halo glorifies your
hair the very
first time
you use it.



Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!



Concluding our intriguing mystery serial

BY HELEN MACE

MURDER among those present

WIN drove me home at last, but although I was stiff and aching from the day in the saddle, I had reluctantly given up all hope of a bath. The chip heater on which we depended for our hot water was a temperamental brute that shook the whole house when it was going full blast, and Ailsa flatly refused to let me light it, pretending that only she or John was capable of coping with it.

As they liked to go to bed early on Sunday evenings, I guessed that I would arrive home to find the house in darkness, and, in that case, I would not have the temerity to struggle with the heater, even if John had remembered to cut any wood.

I was pleasantly surprised, therefore, to see a glimmer of light coming from the kitchen, and, as I came in, John uncoiled himself from the old rocking-chair near the stove.

"Thought you might be glad of a bath," he explained. "I'll get it going for you before I go to bed."

I nearly fell on his neck. "John, you're an angel straight from Heaven and I adore you," I assured him fervently. I didn't care whether Ailsa heard me or not.

The rather primitive bathroom was built on to the back of the house next to my room. It was an obvious addition to the original house and was inclined to be cold and draughty, but, as I relaxed and soaked my bruised and aching body in the steaming water, I found it as beautiful and luxurious as the most expensive tiled and marbled bathroom of any mansion.

I lay down, abandoning myself to the sensuous pleasure of warmth and comfort. Slowly my tired muscles relaxed. The outlines of the room blurred and faded. I slept.

I WAS awakened by the barking of the dog in the yard and sat up with a jerk. I had evidently been dozing for some little time, for the water had cooled considerably and I felt chilled. A vigorous towelling restored my circulation and I hastily donned pyjamas and dressing-gown. Micky had stopped barking and was growling deep in his throat. I heard John come out and speak to him sharply, but he continued to growl unappeased.

"All right, confound you. I'll take a look around just to satisfy you," said John good-humoredly, "but if you've got me out of bed to chase cats, heaven help you!"

He stepped out into the yard, torch in hand, just as I opened the bathroom door. Suddenly he gave a startled exclamation and began to run towards the back of the yard. In the wavering torchlight, I glimpsed a dark figure as it scaled the back fence and disappeared into the blackness of the night. John, clad only in pyjamas and slippers, attempted to give chase, but soon abandoned it.

"Lost the beggar," he grunted. "Don't know how he got away so quickly. There wasn't a sign of him when I got over the fence. Anyway, I've scared him off, whoever he was. You'd better get to bed, Noel, and lock your door. I don't imagine he'll come back, but you'd be foolish to take any risks."

He turned to reassure a jittery Ailsa, who was firmly convinced that the maniac

killer of Sutton was going to murder us all in our beds. Feeling in no mood for her hysterics, I took John's advice and got into bed. Contrary to all expectations, I forgot all about murderers and their victims as I drifted into the heavy sleep of complete exhaustion.

I awoke only partially refreshed and dragged myself out of bed, cursing Monday morning and all it represented. The beauty of the morning failed to move me, and I set off for school with a guilty lack of enthusiasm. The din from the playground swelled as I approached, and I closed my eyes as a sudden pain shot through my head. My room, when I entered it, seemed drab and colorless and I hastily set monitors to work dusting and arranging the flowers that children had brought.

Monday morning was always a busy one, and I knew I would have to hurry to complete the preparation for the day's work before the bell rang.

I was rather uncomfortably preparing my blackboard for the first lessons when I heard a heavy step behind me and a voice I cordially disliked boomed, "Good morning, Miss Vicary. Good morning." I turned, aghast, striving to summon a smile to greet Mr. Osborne, the district inspector, who was beaming at me with spurious good humor.

"Of all days in the year to have annual inspection," I thought disgustedly. "And why did it have to be Osborne? If only Davis had come this year. He's hard, but he is fair!"

Annual inspection was our greatest ordeal. Most of the inspectors were just and competent men, thoroughly versed in their work, genuinely interested in the children and anxious to help the teachers, but even they were quick to notice any weakness in our work, and we found their attentions trying.

When we were unfortunate enough to get anyone like Osborne, matters were far worse. He was disliked throughout the entire Department, and we all wondered how he had managed to obtain his promotion some years before. Vain and self-satisfied, he was determined to sweep cleaner than any new broom had ever swept before, and his inspections were a nightmare for teachers and children alike.

He usually started with an air of extreme good nature and ended by reducing children and sometimes teachers to tears. His own dignity was the most important matter in his eyes and the quality of a teacher's work counted for far less than the obsequiousness with which he was treated by her and her class.

For those who could bend the knee abjectly enough there was always a good report, but I despised him and could never bring myself to fawn on him sufficiently to suit him. I had never been able to decide whether I disliked him more when he was being falsely jovial or when he was breathing fire and thunder.

At the moment he was all amiability. "I'll just have time to look over your programme and records before the bell," he said, and I obediently drew them from my drawer and spread them on the table before him. As I did so, a ray of sunshine caught my engagement ring and



drew sparks of brilliance from the stones. It did not escape Osborne's sharp eyes.

"Well, well," he said genially, picking up my hand and studying the ring. "What does this mean, eh? This is new, isn't it?"

I pulled my hand away, chiding myself for not having hidden the ring, for one of Osborne's pet theories was that teachers did not work well in a town where they had any emotional entanglements. It never seemed to occur to him that the strain of separation from our loved ones might have an equally bad effect on our work.

"Who is the fortunate young man?" he purred. "Someone in Sutton or a fellow-teacher?"

I told him shortly and was relieved when the bell saved me from further discussion. I could only hope that the children would do their best work and prove to him that my engagement had not had any detrimental effect on my teaching ability.

In the playground I saw Ann in the clutches of the infant inspectress and grimaced at her across the children's heads. Osborne moved over to speak to



ILLUSTRATED BY

John Miller

Sylvia, and I smiled grimly to myself as I saw the humility with which she greeted him. As she was resigning at the end of the year, the results of inspection could not affect her, but the habit of servility was too strong for her to break it now.

Mr. Marsh took the assembly with his usual cheerful competence. Creatures like Osborne worried him not at all. He knew his work was good and retained his self-respect in all circumstances.

For the first part of the morning Mr. Osborne spent his time with the upper grades, and then he descended on me. "Now, Miss Vicary, we have a lot to get through in a little time, so we must work quickly. I'll give dictation first."

He rattled off a paragraph at a speed that suggested that he was testing a shorthand class, and the children, frantic in their efforts to keep up with him, scribbled wildly. Mental arithmetic at a similar pace followed. The children were bewildered and hopelessly muddled, so that their results were far below my

normal examination average, but I knew it was useless to protest.

"Speed and efficiency," burred Osborne happily. "That's what you must aim at, Miss Vicary. Speed and efficiency." It was one of his stock remarks, and I received it in silence.

There was a general sigh of relief from the class when the bell rang for recess. After we had taken physical drill in the yard, I hoped that Osborne would return to the senior classes and give me a brief respite, but he followed me back into the classroom and set the children a writing exercise.

As one of the first things we had been taught during our training days was to plan our time-tables so that the children would not be expected to write while their muscles were still quivering after physical exercise, I regarded this move with indignant suspicion, but I was determined that nothing Osborne could do would provoke me into the foolishness of argument with him.

"I didn't tell lies, Miss Vicary," the boy insisted, his grief giving way to a sense of injustice.

Writing was followed by reading. This was a subject which caused me no apprehension, as the majority of the children read well and they were obviously determined to do their best. As child after child rose, read their paragraph effortlessly, and sat down again, I relaxed a little. Mr. Osborne was looking quite amiable, and even unbent sufficiently to compliment one or two of the pupils. I felt that, if things went as smoothly as this for the rest of the day, all might yet be well.

Unfortunately, it was a large class, and Osborne, who was nothing if not thorough, seemed to have determined to hear every child read, so that, when the bell rang for dinner, there were still some children unheard. He looked up with a frown.

"I did want to finish this before lunch," he said irritably. "I'm afraid we'll have to carry on for a while."

There was a murmur of disgust

from the class. Like all healthy youngsters, they were hungry, and they had had quite enough of inspectors for one morning. Osborne turned to them with a conciliatory smile.

"I'm sure the children won't mind staying with me for a little longer. Hands up those who want their dinner."

Knowing what was expected of them, the children kept their hands on their desks, although their expressions plainly showed their resentment. Mr. Osborne beamed at the arms meekly folded on the desks and then he became aware of one lone arm waving wildly at the back of the room.

I, too, had seen that rebel arm, and my heart sank. It belonged to my most difficult pupil, Dan Bourke, a wild young rascal who was constantly in trouble. His father was the town's black sheep and had handed on to his son his own bitter

contempt for any form of authority. I signalled to Dan to put his hand down, but it was too late.

"Come, come, my little man," said Osborne with false jocularly, "surely you're not hungry?"

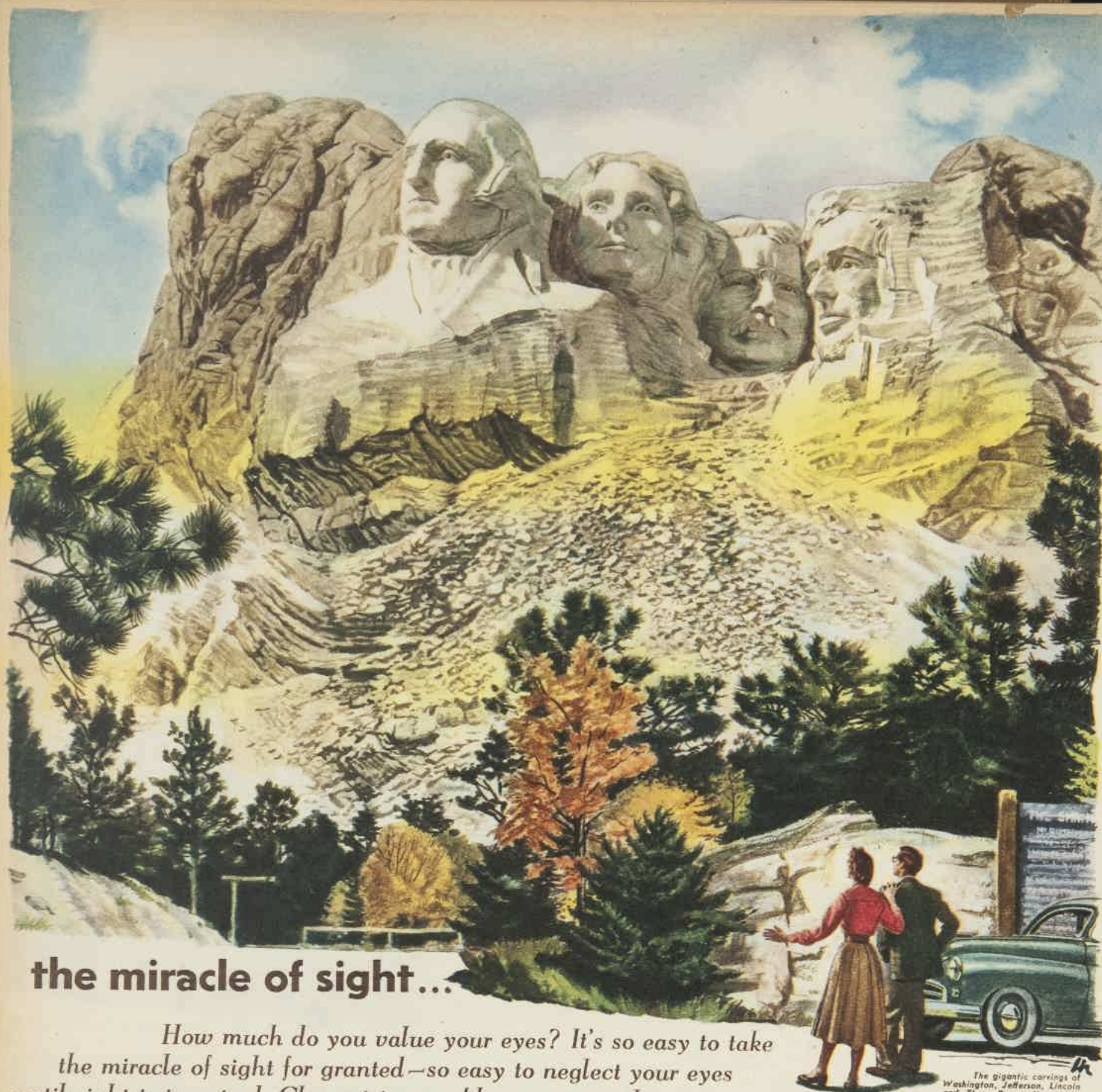
Dan looked at him with undisguised ferocity, then succinctly he announced that he was starving, coloring the statement with a couple of his father's choicest oaths.

There was an empty silence. Then breaths, which had been caught in horror, were released with a whispering sigh. Pressing my twitching lips together, I stole a look at Osborne. He had gone crimson and his eyes protruded like a toad's. For a moment he was bereft of speech. Then, in freezing tones, "You may dismiss the class, Miss Vicary."

I knew that it would be hopeless to expect a good report after that episode. Danny's outburst would certainly be credited not to his unfortunate home life but to lack of efficient discipline on my part. Mr.

To page 50

Page 5



the miracle of sight...

How much do you value your eyes? It's so easy to take the miracle of sight for granted—so easy to neglect your eyes until sight is impaired. Clear vision enables you to work successfully, to fully enjoy your leisure, to appreciate all that is beautiful in the world. Protect this wonderful heritage with regular visits to the guardian of your sight—your Optometrist.

It is difficult to estimate the full worth of the services provided by Optometrists. They have dedicated their lives—their talents—to bringing you the results achieved through never-ending research in optical science. With specialised care, most of the threats to good vision can be corrected

or cured. Your Optometrist recommends glasses to prevent the symptoms caused by eyestrain—to correct them if they have already developed—to prevent further impairment of vision. Do not wait until eye fatigue, constant headaches, spots before the eyes, coloured haloes round lights give

warning of failing vision. Regular eye examination is within the reach of all.



Let your Optometrist protect your most priceless possession—the gift of sight.

Best-hated man in town

By JOAN VATSEK

ILLUSTRATED BY HEDSTROM



DID you ever (asked Old Man Whittaker, who owns the Commercial Hotel) meet a man who could get your temper up the minute he opened his mouth? George Bannister was like that. Six months after he moved here he was the best-hated man in town.

We often wondered what made George pick our town to retire in. Couldn't have been because he liked it; he didn't have a good word to say for it. Tall, thin, stooping, with a dry, rasping voice like a rusty file, he criticised just about everything in sight. First it was our roads and pavements, then our old, covered bridge.

We were proud of that covered bridge—it was the last one in the State. But George said we kept the roof over it to hide the gaps between the planks. Said he'd have thought the women at least would have more sense than to let the children cross it on their way to school, there being a fifty-foot drop down to the river bed.

After he'd been making remarks about the old bridge for six months—like saying that we might be able to sell it to the Army for an obstacle course, or that he'd seen two goats start to cross it and turn back because they'd lost their nerve—the local Council got properly angry.

We tore the old bridge down and put up a new one, solid and made to last, with a footpath for the children, who had to cross it to get to school.

If you think that shut George up, you're mistaken. All he said was that it was too bad. Now that we had a bridge with no roof, you could look over the side of the bridge and see how dirty the river was,

filled with all the refuse from the chemical plant above town.

George said we should have kept the old covered bridge after all—being all shut up and closed in, you weren't choked with the smell of chemicals when you crossed the river.

Next day he went into Joe Thompson's greengrocer's shop and told him he ought to open a stand to sell oranges near the new bridge. In Shakespeare's time, George said—that was the sixteenth century—ladies and gentlemen used to buy oranges and lemons to suck and sniff at as they drove through London to keep from choking with the smell of the gutters. Think of it, he said, four hundred years ago all of London used to smell as bad as our river section.

Joe was so angry he told all the town what George had said. So when George showed up, walking down our main street sucking an orange, everybody knew what he meant, all right.

It made quite a little sensation in the town, though. People stopped still to stare, until presently quite a little crowd had gathered, all staring at George sucking his orange.

If George was aware of them, he gave no sign, just walked steadily on, ignoring them and sucking at his orange. But there were some casual passers-by in town that day. They asked about it all, and so the story spread further and further around.

Then a city paper got hold of the story and printed it. Made it sound very funny with a picture of George sucking his orange and an old woodcut they found somewhere showing a fashionable London gentleman doing the same thing.

A lot of people had shares in that chemical plant. They'd never been too interested in its working, though, except for receiving dividends regularly.

Well, they appointed a committee. The committee read up on chemical disposal and went snooping around the plant, and after a lot of argument the company put in a brand-

new pipeline. The change cut into the dividends for that year, but when it was finished we had a clean, frothing river.

"Should've done it years ago," was all George Bannister said.

He was a born grumbler. Nothing suited him. Next thing we knew he was going around asking questions about one of the local schools. The school was old—everybody admitted it—and it was a bit crowded, but it was quite a landmark.

It was built on a slope, so some temporary accommodation had been fixed up underneath it for the youngest children. Was that so the youngest ones could get outside quickest when the old place caved in, George wanted to know, or was it because the little ones had so much fun making pets of all the rats and mice down there?

Somebody told him it was because that part was always under water if the river flooded, and the little ones were dismissed then. George nodded at that, said he was perfectly satisfied with the answer.

He'd been thinking the school ought to be replaced, he said, but on second thought he'd realised that would probably cost far too much. After all, the rest of us who'd lived in the town all our lives probably knew our own children best, and if we considered they were too stupid to be worth educating properly, who was he to dispute our opinion?

Why not close all the schools down completely and save even more money? Probably, he added, when the kids grew up nobody would ever notice the difference anyway.

Just shows you what a natural talent George had for making himself unpopular. There was some talk this time of running him out of town, but nothing came of it.

Instead, next Council meeting we voted to add to the school fund we already had and build a new wing on to the school to spite George.

You might think this would have shut him up, but it didn't. He had a knack for saying something nasty

in a way that sounded funny to outsiders, and the city paper used to run an interview with George every so often whenever news was dull.

They'd print a story in which George would suggest we should change the name of one of our principal streets to Moon Boulevard, and then we could give all the holes in it names like the craters on the moon—you know, Crater Copernicus, Crater Plato, and so on.

After that we'd have to go and spend money fixing up the street to keep the other towns round about from laughing at us.

It got so that after a few years we began fixing things up before George could even mention them just so he wouldn't have the chance. It's my own opinion that's why he started ailing.

For a couple of weeks nobody saw him about, then the word got about that he was sick, and it was serious, so a group of us went to call. When the nurse let us in, George was sitting bolt upright against his pillow, sour as ever.

"You'll be pleased to know that I'm dying," he stated nastily.

Of course, none of us believed him. It was just like George to claim he was at death's door over what was probably some quite ordinary ailment.

"Dying?" Joe Thompson scoffed. "Why, you're no sicker than I am. Never looked better."

"Don't tell me you're sorry to lose me," George said. "I'm just saving you the trouble of running me out of town some day."

Joe turned red. "All right!" he yelled. "Go ahead and die if you want to!"

So George obliged us. He died that night.

There was a big crowd at the funeral. It was an odd sort of a funeral—people couldn't decide whether they should look glad or sorry, and the minister didn't make the usual remarks—just rest in peace, and so on. Even that sounded queer, because he couldn't imagine George resting.

George walked on sucking his orange, ignoring the crowd that had gathered to stare at him.

Apparently he couldn't, at that. It turned out George wasn't as dead as we'd thought. His ghost kept popping up at our Council meetings.

For instance, there was the time when the town dump needed to be moved farther away from town, and the old dump filled in. Everybody knew it should be done, but nobody wanted to vote the money until Tom Kennedy—he's the bank manager—stood up.

"About the town dump now," he said. "I hate to think what George Bannister would say about it if he was alive."

Everybody laughed then as if they could hear that rusty voice again.

We voted the money.

The same thing happened a couple more times about one thing and another, and now we never will be rid of George.

There he stands in a square opposite the courthouse, his tall, stooping figure, long nose, thin lips and all, made out of bronze. A man can't walk past him without wondering just what George would be finding fault with if he could only speak.

Myself I think I know. He'd criticise us for spending money on a statue to a man we all hated so.

(Copyright)



Dear Ellen

By **CONSTANCE WYNN**

Miss Ellen Heatherfield, c/o Hudson's Magazine, New York, N.Y.

Dear Miss Heatherfield: I hope you don't mind my writing to you just because we have the same name. I saw your story in Hudson's and liked it a lot. In fact, so much that I told a lie and now I'm in a jam and have to ask a favor. I'm squirming with embarrassment—or would be if I could squirm in this cast.

When the magazine came last week some of the fellows asked if we were related, and they caught me at a low moment because I said yes. Then a wise guy jumped on that and kept asking me questions, and the more I talked the deeper in I got.

For one thing, I said I wrote you care of Hudson's because you travel and don't have a permanent address. That finished it, because everybody in the ward knows I don't write letters and don't get any. I haven't a family.

Is it too much to ask you to write me just once? If one letter came, maybe they'd stop ribbing me. Sincerely yours,—(S/Sgt.) Chester Heatherfield, Ward 6, Richardson Army Hospital, Columbus, Pennsylvania.

Saturday, April 28.

My lamb: What must you think of me, not having written for so long? But I did write, and I have the returned letters to prove it. However, in my feeble-minded way, I addressed them to Columbus, Georgia. Apparently the postal service inspected everyone in the state before deciding that you weren't there and returning my missives.

I am so sorry. But since my own stupidity was to blame, may we please drop the subject?

You will note from the return address on the envelope that I've settled in New York. I've signed a lease and that opens up a whole new way of life. Among its more delightful aspects is that now you'll have a better way to write me than through Hudson's.

I've very little gossip to tell you. I've been working hard, and while that makes a feeling of self-satisfaction, it also makes dull conversation. I did go to a cocktail party for Angela Bitters the Sunday after her new show opened (have you seen the reviews?).

Which of your Army nicknames has followed you to Richardson? And do write soon to say that you forgive me. I give you my promise to be a more satisfactory relative in the future. Fondly, El.

May 1.

You kind and wonderful person: I was howled over by your letter.

The dog Jiminy gave her a fresh topic to write about. She described him as handsome and well-mannered.

How swell of you to write and to make it something that I could show the fellows in the hospital. The letter has been all up and down the ward.

Thanks millions for saying that I can keep on writing to you. I never thought much about how little family I have until I landed in the hospital.

The joe in the next bed tells me over and over not only about his mother and father and three brothers and two sisters, but also about every "great big ole boss" and every "little bitty ole steer" on their ranch. This joe—his name is Perkins—is the one who was ribbing me.

For "what you should know": Born July 2, '27; height, 5ft. 11in.; weight—prehospital, that is—180; dark hair with a cowlick; was an advertising copy writer before my reserve unit was called. Got it in Korea so quick as probably to hang up a record. Nothing serious. Just a few minor repairs, they tell me.

I don't have any special Army nickname unless it would be "sergeant." My mother called me "Buzz."

On second thought, I hope I'm not reading into your letter an invitation which wasn't meant to be there. You must be a busy person, and if I'm presuming, just forget it.

I don't know exactly how to end, so I'll sign the way I feel.—Your Slave for Life.

Saturday, May 5.

Buzz, ducky: I take a family privilege in pointing out pointedly that the last half-dozen lines of your letter were silly. You're a big boy and you can read English. Besides, who likes second thoughts?

Perkins sounds charming. Maggie (my secretary) instantly recognized the idiom as Texas. Her eyes lit up and she began again about El Paso. And she's only a Texan by conversion. She spent some time visiting a school friend and has never recovered.

Maggie has come into my life only recently, and having a secretary makes me very busy indeed. Finding enough work to keep someone else occupied seems a full-time job. If you have any errands you want run (preferably long, involved ones), it would make us both happy.

When speaking of you the other day, I was told that I sounded like a hen with one chick. Well, every insight helps, even if it's into poultry minds. Fondly,—Leghorn El.

May 8.

Dear relative: If you really want something your secretary can work at, you might ask her to find out what goes on with buckwheat. Once I drove across Oklahoma, passing field after field of buckwheat. There aren't enough pancakes to account for that stuff. What else do they do with it?

Perkins is all set up about being recognised as a Texan even through

ILLUSTRATED BY

Frank Beck

**The coincidence of a name he
read set off a correspondence
that intrigued the whole ward.**

channels. He says, though, that El Paso "isn't rightly" Texas. In the Perkins—or highly boring—version, Texas is a spot east of the Pecos. El Paso is scorned as "goat land."

They're cutting tomorrow. It isn't much of an operation, but before any surgery they pressure you about putting affairs in order. The Army is so tidy. I've made a will and named you my beneficiary. I don't have any insurance, but I've some war bonds and there's still a little of dad's estate left. I hope you don't mind this. It's my only way of expressing a very deep gratitude for kindness above and beyond the call of duty. Devotedly yours,—Buzz.

Saturday, May 12.

Buzz, my pet: I'm deeply touched. That was a highly unnecessary but very sweet gesture. I'm taking your word that it is merely a gesture, because I can't bear to think otherwise.

Maggie was enchanted with the buckwheat problem. She vanished into the library and I had two blissful days of peaceful loafing before she returned with a formidable list of publications. You will shortly be receiving from the Department of Agriculture pamphlets telling more about buckwheat than you could possibly want to know.

I hope the "cutting" (what an expression!) took care of the minor repairs and that you're well on the way to recovery. Please let me know quickly, because I can't help feeling anxious. Fondly, El.

Saturday, May 19.

Buzz, dear: Why haven't I heard from you? I'm beside myself with worry. Not knowing anything about Army etiquette, I hesitate to embarrass you by writing to the commanding officer. But, Buzz, if I don't hear quickly, etiquette or no etiquette, telegrams will start flying.

Maggie says that the Red Cross is the place to appeal for information, and she'll mail this on the way down to start inquiries. Still, that seems so impersonal and institutional. Don't feel obligated to continue writing if you no longer want to, but please may I have two words to reassure me? Frantically,—El.

May 22.

Dear Ellen. This is being written by my buddy Corp. Perkins because I am still a little shaky. I am getting along swell and feel much better. I will be able to write to you myself before long. Sincerely yours,—Buzz.

P.S. He had a bad time, but he has come through fine. Honest he has. If you are ever in Texas, we'd be proud to have you visit the Bar H Lazy Q.

Saturday, May 26.

Buzz, you sweet fool! What on earth was the idea of telling me that your operation was a minor one? It was a terrible shock to find out the truth.

The first Red Cross report came Monday and announced that you were "no longer on the critically ill list." Can you imagine my emotions?

We've had two reports since, as well as the very nice note from Corporal Perkins. Please convey to him my heartfelt thanks and say that if I should get to Texas the Bar H Lazy Q will definitely be visited.

My dear, I can understand that you didn't want to worry your dotting relative. In a way that was sweet and thoughtful. But don't do it

again. I'll scold you more some other time; right now I'm too relieved that you're better. Fondly,—El.

May 29.

Dear, dear Ellen: I'm much better. The fruit and candy arrived. Thanks for that and everything. Love,—Buzz.

Don't be frightened because this is so short. He insisted on writing it himself and he gets tired fast. He's really getting along very well. He's a nice boy. Imogene Carey, lit. Lt., A.N.C.

Saturday, June 2.

Buzz, my very dear: What a relief to get your note. Shaky and scrawly, it was still a thing of beauty. My thanks to Lt. Carey for her most kind message.

In our brief but intensive relationship with Red Cross, we've learned about convalescent furloughs. Naturally it's much too soon for you to get a furlough, but it isn't too soon to begin thinking about it. Plan exactly how you'd like to spend your furlough in as much detail as possible, please. When you have it figured out, let me know and we'll start making arrangements.

There's no geographical catch to this. While I hope you'll come to New York—we're game for anything from jitterbugging to the Museum of Science and Industry—if there's some place you'd rather be, I'll understand that. This is nothing to be decided quickly. It may amuse you to make and discard several plans before you find the one you like best.

I've always been pretty glib, but I don't know any words big enough to express my deep feeling of thankfulness that you're getting well. Fondly,—El.

June 5.

Very dear Ellen: Can you imagine what it has meant to me to feel that somebody cared whether I made it? They tell me that I kept saying your name over and over. Does that give you the idea?

I can't write long at a stretch, so I'm going to spend all day on this letter. Yes, I do have lots of time to think and tomorrow I'll begin on furlough plans.

Almost the first thing after I came

back to consciousness—real, consistent consciousness, I mean—Perkins showed me the magazine which contained your story about the man and the horse. He was saving it for me.

Perkins says you must be a Texan to know horses so well. He says, too, that the animal is a mare. Some of the other guys have gone over the story word by word to find out why he thinks so. Perkins only says, "She acts like a mare."

You know, he isn't a bad joe. Every time I came up out of the blackness there was Perkins watching from the next bed, and if I stirred he yelled for a nurse. Some of his ideas still baffle me, but he isn't a heel.

That big beautiful basket of fruit was much appreciated by everyone in the ward. I always seem to be saying thanks to you. If it's getting monotonous, then you'll have to stop being so marvellously, wonderfully nice. Devotedly yours,—Buzz.

Saturday, June 9

Buzz, light of my life: Your letter was a joy indeed. You sound like yourself again, and it's a very nice self. Possibly that may be my astigmatism.

Break it gently to Perkins that there are horses outside of Texas. He's right, though, that she was a mare. She was the family horse we all learned to ride as kids. Her name was Lady Golightly, but intimately we called her Pook. She was a gaited bay mare from Kentucky (I feel that I owe Perkins these details) fifteen-and-a-half hands high. A honey.

While we're in the four-footed class, let me tell you about our frouse guest. Genevieve (whose chocolate cake you will some day remember fondly) walked in yesterday afternoon with a Great Dane.

"Jimmy Christmas!" was all I could say, whereupon the animal presented me with a paw the size of a dinner plate.

"I suppose he followed you," I remarked when I could collect a thought. "That's what I always told mother when I was little."

Not at all, Genevieve informed me. A girl had asked her to take care of the dog for a minute while she (the girl) went into the corner drugstore. The girl didn't come back, and when

Genevieve looked it became evident that the girl had nipped out the other door. How anyone could do such a thing is beyond me.

We think that the dog may have strayed or been stolen from his proper home. We're putting ads in the papers and meantime enjoying his company immensely.

In answer to your next-to-the-last statement, henceforth please skip thanks. You're in quite a special category. You're kinfolks. Fondly,—El.

June 12.

Dear Ellen: The dog business throws a great light. I gather that you're a taker-in-of-strays. I've been wondering why you bothered with me in the first place.

I've been promoted to a litter part time and I get trundled out to the sun porch. It's good having this change of scene, although I'll lose my interesting hospital pallor. I may even begin looking like a person again.

I'm going to be all right, Ellen. I don't know what the Red Cross reports said, so I'd better announce that I have the conventional number of arms and legs, and what scars I've got will remain a secret between me and the shower. The great day's coming when I'll be able to dance both you and Maggie right off your feet.

That's part of the latest furlough plan. I'm having fun dreaming up elaborate ideas, but every single one centres around seeing you. I don't want to be a nuisance, but I think you'll understand that I've got to see you. Love,—Buzz.

Saturday, June 16.

Buzz, ducky: You're confused. Genevieve is the collector of strays; I'm the stern character who puts ads in the paper to get rid of them. However, we'll be sorry when the dog is claimed. He's very handsome and well-mannered. Furthermore, it gives Maggie something to do, taking Jimmy for walks. (He

"Both Maggie and I are more than eager to see you," one of her letters told him enthusiastically.

adopted that himself. I suppose it was the first thing said to him in this house which sounded like a name.)

I think of you so often, but it's hard to imagine a person when the background remains a blank. You've mentioned other men in your ward. How many? What's it like? Tell me all about it. And how's Perkins? You haven't mentioned him lately.

I'm glad that your furlough thoughts turn New Yorkward. Both Maggie and I are more than eager to see you, and what on earth makes you think you could be a nuisance? Fondly,—El.

Dear Ellen: Now that I have a litter, I'm a mobile unit. Do I get service and attention! Everybody stops to talk—even the medical officers. It seems that in addition to my more obvious charms I am an interesting case. When we Heatherfields get busted up, we do it in a large way, and when we make recoveries, by gosh, they're sensational.

How can I tell you about the ward? Ours has twenty-eight beds. Perkins is out on furlough. His bed is being occupied by a joe named Goldberg, about whom I know little. He's very quiet. The poor guy lost his left arm, and he happens to be left-handed.

Something's the matter with his left leg, too, but they're fixing that. Spends most of the time just looking at where his arm isn't. You can't help feeling sorrier for him than you would if he'd blow up and cuss.

It's funny about how people express themselves. Yesterday a hospital train came in—there's a siding, and the trains come almost up to the

To page 10

Page 9



For EVERY room

Kirsch

all metal

VENETIAN BLINDS

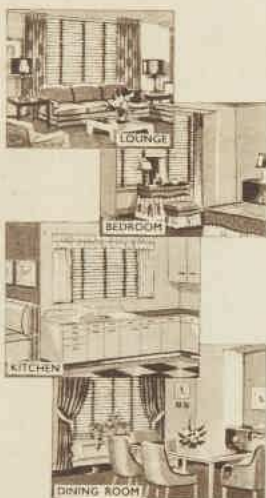
in lovely pastel shades



WHY? Because Kirsch is the *only* Venetian Blind with the "S" shaped slat.

The exclusive "S" shaped slats diffuse incoming light; being wider, they provide better closure, more privacy; their appearance lends distinction to the whole room.

Attractive and neat, Kirsch blinds show no visible mechanism.



When you buy Kirsch you buy the finest . . . with an international reputation for service and integrity.

Kirsch all-metal Venetian Blinds are available at leading stores. Ask to see them—obtain quotations (without any obligation) for installations in your home.

★ Remember—Kirsch are the *only* blinds with the "S" shaped slat.

Choose the Name You Know!

WB Kirsch Company

(AUST.) LIMITED
(A. Wasmuth Brothers Industry)
MELBOURNE — SYDNEY — BRISBANE
F2 4518 — J4 4001
★ Other famous Kirsch Products—
TRAYSE AND EXTENSION CURTAIN RODS

K26/21C

Continuing . . . Dear Ellen

from page 9

building. Some of us were on the lawn watching. As a wheelchair came down the ramp, the joe next to me caught his breath.

"That's my buddy!" he gasped, almost crying. "My buddy from my old outfit!" So he yelled to the man, and what he said was, "Hey, goldbrick! Get out of that wheelchair!"

I wish you'd come down here. You'd find lots to write about. And that isn't the only reason I wish it. Love.—Buzz.

Buzz, my chick: I've thought about visiting you. I almost did when I found out about your operation. However, it seems wiser to wait for the furlough. I'm sure you see the point. As for writing about the men, that's your job. You're part of them.

We had a scare about Jimmy last night. I was at dinner when the doorbell rang. Genevieve went to the door and presently reappeared to announce that a lady had come for the dog but, hearing that I was still at the table, had said she would return later. I couldn't manage another bite.

"I'll just bring coffee," said Genevieve, whisking the plate away. "No use spoiling a fine dessert by both of us splashing tears on it. Should I give it to Jimmy now?"

"Dessert isn't good for him," I said.

"But his last meal here—"

"Oh, Genevieve," I waived.

To be fair both to people and to dogs, I decided that it would depend upon how glad Jimmy was to see the woman. I paced the living-room. Genevieve kept bringing more cups of coffee. Jimmy went from one of us to the other, trying to fathom our distress.

Finally, I sat on the floor and took as much of him as possible in my lap. We were still in that ridiculous position when the woman came back. It developed that the dog she'd lost was a cocker spaniel.

"But the ad said a Great Dane," I remonstrated feebly. "Oh, people are so vague," she remarked. Under the circumstances I had to agree.

Anyway, it was such a relief not to hand over Jimmy that the ad has been cancelled.

If I don't comment on some of the things you write (as I am not commenting about the man who lost an arm) it isn't because I'm not interested but because there's nothing intelligent to say. Keep on writing about people, Buzz, and maybe in that sweet civilian by-and-by you won't go back to writing about laundry soap. Fondly,—El.

June 26.
Dear Ellen: Thanks for the encouraging remarks about writing. I haven't thought much about after the Army, what? Writing's something I'd like to try, and it means a lot if you think I have any chance.

A major-general came to dish out Purple Hearts yesterday and more doggone fuss you never saw. About thirty Purple Hearts were awarded and several other decorations as well.

I was in the brace shop the other day to have my scaffolding adjusted and I got talking to Sgt. Bender (the non-com-in-

charge) about Goldberg. Bender's father makes artificial limbs and he thought he could make one for Goldberg. While I was there the medical officer came in. Major Howe. Bender told him that he'd like to try making an arm. Major Howe gave him a funny look.

"Goldberg?" he said. "Yes, I know the man. We are not authorised to do that work here and I certainly can't give you permission. However, sergeant, in a hypothetical case, how would you go about it?"

"I'd have to know something about the hypothetical case, sir," said Bender.

So the major told him about Goldberg's arm—even I could recognise it was Goldberg—and Bender started sketching. The major asked if he had the material and equipment and Bender said sure.

Woman inspired famous novel

AN obscure American housewife inspired ex-clergyman Lloyd C. Douglas to write his great novel "The Robe." The woman, Mrs. Hazel McCann, of Canton, Ohio, wrote to Douglas to congratulate him on the success of his earlier books and to ask him whether he had ever heard what became of the robe worn by the Saviour at the Crucifixion.

Hollywood bought the screen rights of "The Robe" in 1942, but for various reasons filming was delayed for ten years. At last, however, the film has been completed—in 3-D and at a cost of \$2,000,000.

The September 15 issue of A.M. contains a color-illustrated article on this brilliant picture.

"When Goldberg recovers from his other injuries, he'll go to a prosthetic centre and be fitted with a proper appliance," the major said, very regulation. "That is work for experts. You understand, sergeant, nothing of the kind can be done here."

Then the major added very softly, "But be as quick as you can about it."

"Yes, sir," said Bender.

Bender came back to the ward with me and talked to Goldberg and looked at his arm.

I'm glad you're keeping Jimmy. A dog seems like a piece of home. Besides, I know what a Great Dane looks like (hint). Love,—Buzz.

Saturday, June 30.

Buzz, ducky: You're a most maddening man. You barely mentioned being in the receiving line when awards were given. Was it a Purple Heart or something else? Please tell all. We're agog.

Pooh for your hint. I'm just the way you picture me except much, much less glamorous.

Forgive the brevity. I really don't have time to write at all, but this simply must reach you

on your birthday to say that all of us—including Genevieve and Jimmy—are delighted that you were born. Fondly,—El.

July 3.

Ellen, you angel: I'm overwhelmed! It's a long time since anybody made a fuss about my birthday. All those presents! When I kept opening packages and reading messages somebody cracked, "Gosh, he's got a harem." And the one from Jimmy with his paw print on the card—well, they don't believe there's a dog that big. And the cake! Was it baked in a bathtub? I want to say thanks millions to you and Maggie and Genevieve and Jimmy.

I've so much to tell that I'm stumbling over my thoughts. When the cake was brought in—on a cart from the diet kitchen—Goldberg insisted on buying Cokes to go with it. Yes, Goldberg. The celebration was more his than mine.

Bender brought the arm in about ten that morning and at first Goldberg took it in the same old passive way. Then Bender started teaching him how to use it and he got excited. Within an hour he was able to sign his name, turn pages in a magazine, and quite a few other things.

Bender kept saying that the Army will give him a much better gadget, but I don't think that even registered.

He turns out to be a voluble character who was married just before he shipped out and what he's been brooding about is how he could go back to his new wife a cripple, unable even to dress himself. Now that he finds out he isn't so helpless, life looks more possible.

About the decoration, let me be coy. I want to have admiring feminine eyes where I can see 'em when I explain my salad. Come furlough time, that'll be.

Do you really know how I picture you? If you do, you're a very conceited woman. Love,—Buzz.

Saturday, July 7.

Buzz, my lamb: So glad you liked the birthday things and that the cake arrived safely. Maggie and I had a wonderful time shopping.

We'd planned to consult a caterer, but Genevieve marched in one evening and demanded, "The young gentleman's birthday cake, now, what size should it be?"

I explained about the caterer. "Is it a boughten cake you want?" she exclaimed hauffily. "If my cookin' don't suit—"

"It'll have to be very large," I protested. "There are twenty-eight men in the ward—"

"Twenty-eight, is it?" she said placidly. "And no doubt friends droppin' in."

Perhaps the bathtub was involved. If not, it was the only receptacle in the place which escaped.

We're glad that the cake could be part of Goldberg's celebration. Fondly,—El.

July 10.
Dear Ellen: Yesterday they took away my litter and gave me crutches. Woe is me. When I lost my litter, I lost my personality.

Anyhow, it's progress, and to the point where I've gone

To page 47

"Doesn't she know about ODO-RO-NO?"



Perspiration leaves a tell-tale odour that you may not notice, but others certainly will. The only safe way to avoid offending is to use ODO-RO-NO daily. It stays soft and creamy—never turns gritty and is delicately scented. ODO-RO-NO Cream Deodorant safely stops perspiration and odour for a full 24 hours. No other deodorant is gentler to skin and fabrics.

Also available Liquid ODO-RO-NO with the popular applicator. In two strengths, regular and instant.



Use ODO-RO-NO cream daily and be sure of yourself!

5096-B

FAST RELIEF
from
HEADACHE
with
BAYER'S ASPIRIN
TABLETS

5933

FISHER'S PHOSPHERINE
THE GREAT NERVE TONIC

A NURSE AT PERTH WRITES:

"A friend's wife would cry at the least little thing—she gave her Fisher's Phospherine. 'It's a pleasure to go home now!' he says."

TAKE 4 DROPS IN A TUMBLER OF WARM OR COLD WATER EVERY MORNING.

IN ALL STATES EXCEPT N.S.W. SOLD AS

FISHAPHOS

The Stranger Beside Me

By Mabel Seeley

Well-known author of mystery stories brings her notable gifts to the writing of an intensely interesting and dramatic novel.

16/- From all Booksellers.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 16, 1953

THEY'RE SO MUCH SMARTER . . . COST SO MUCH LESS!

Glorowin

FROCKS AND LINGERIE

Right through Spring into Summer, and Autumn too, these beauties will carry you round the calendar, and round the clock. And these are just the merest few from the galaxy of Glorowin styles-of-the-season, reflecting everything that's new, expressed in the most feminine manner. See them, to appreciate their full beauty, but be sure to see them NOW! Glorowin Frocks sell so quickly there may not be a second chance.



614
ABOUT
110/-

646
ABOUT
98/-

640
ABOUT
110/-

627
ABOUT
107/-

678
ABOUT
118/-

All in Sizes
XSSW to W
(Larger fittings also available)

GLORIOUS
Glorowin
LINGERIE

Delightful undies in rumpool, loomknit jersey . . . housegowns, too, and children's underwear, all with the inimitable touch of Glorowin styling and durability. And SOON . . .

NYLONS, TOO
Exquisite Glorowin undies . . . Bowler-printed nylon frocks. Watch for further announcement!

Interstate Distributors:
Qld.: H. McAlpine, Bowman House, 172 Adelaide St., Brisbane - B 2180.
N.S.W.: J. J. Gray Pty. Ltd., 209a Castlereagh St., Sydney - MA 2805.
S.A.: H. Laird & Co., Reid House, Featherston St., Adelaide - LA 2517.
W.A.: John O'Hagan Coy., 62 St. George's Terrace, Perth - 19 2408, 19 2176.
Tas.: J. W. Tuck, County M. Clementson, Tas.: M. J. Radwin, 147 Liverpool St., Hobart - B 1629.

614: "Beauknott" waffle weave, an important new texture, at its best in this trim style with graceful gathered skirt. Beau blue, Elizabeth red, debutante pink, petal green, mauve, Fremantle green, mushroom, light grey, white. About 110/-.

640: "Pixie Polka Dots", newest of Australian-created fabrics. Two intriguing quarter-circle pockets, demure collar, trim black patent belt. Cassie, green, mauve, off-white, Fremantle green, Union blue, petal green, gorse-yellow. About 110/-.

646: Pretty enough for parties with its black faille bow and gleaming patent belt. In loomknit silk Pic-n-Pic, gathered at shoulder yoke, unpressed pleats in the sweeping skirt. Gold, petal green, rose, blue. About 98/-.

627: Sleeveless and summery in "Sharfax" - wears as well as linen, feels twice as cool. Rows of tucks on bodice are repeated at hipline. In uncharming pastel tones - pink, Pacific yellow, aqua, mauve, white, blue. About 107/-.

678: To wear by day and after dark . . . delicate all-over print on loomknit silk, effectively piped with black. Note the attractive neckline. Chartreuse, blue, gold, pink, mauve. About 118/-.

CREATIONS OF GLORIA MILLS, MELBOURNE . . . NATIONALLY ADVERTISED AND SOLD BY ALL GOOD STORES THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - September 16, 1953

Page 11

GL7



• Identical walking costumes, but individual hats, were chosen by the Misses Alice and Marguerite Halloran for this charming photograph. They were the daughters of Mr. Henry Halloran, C.M.G. Alice (standing) was known for her beauty and complexion as "The White Rose of Sydney." A visiting naval officer of a foreign power once threatened to take his life through unrequited love. She married Mr. Charles Macphillamy, of "Warroo," Forbes. Alice Macphillamy bore six children. She died in 1938, still beautiful, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Clive Single, of Sydney, who is herself now a grandmother. Miss Marguerite Halloran, to whom it had been thought Mr. Macphillamy was paying court, remained unwed.



• Miss Eliza Mort (above), known as "Sissy," was the eldest daughter of the Hon. Henry Mort, M.L.C., who built All Saints' Church, Woollahra, as a memorial to her mother, the former Maria Laidley. Miss Mort died at Woollahra, aged 70, in 1918.



• Miss Macphillamy (above). Although unable to identify her, members of the well-known pastoral family agreed she had "the Macphillamy look." Right: Mrs. Edward Spencer Antill, daughter-in-law of Governor Macquarie's A.D.C., Major Henry C. Antill.

THE enchanting photographs on these pages are from a collection of 400 to be presented to the Mitchell Library, Sydney, and are reproduced by special permission.

All were taken between the years 1860 and 1880 by Freeman Studios, of Sydney, founded in 1848.

The charm and lasting qualities of the work are remarkable when it is considered that the photographs were made by the old wet plate process, successor to the daguerreotype, and had to be taken and developed within ten minutes.

Wet plates were comparatively insensitive, and sitters who wanted to ensure their red or dark hair

photographing in its natural tone had it powdered before facing the camera.

Headrests, with a rod running down the back, were used to keep the sitters motionless.

Apart from its great historical interest, the collection is an invaluable social document of a period. It will be a treasury of authentic detail for artists, writers, and researchers of this and future generations.

Before presentation to the Mitchell Library, the collection will be on display at Freeman Studios from September 14 to September 26.

The display will be opened by Mr. K. R. Cramp, president of the Royal Australian Historical Society.



• Outdoor photography, mid-Victorian style, by the wet plate process which succeeded the daguerreotype.





• The indoor afternoon dress of a mid-Victorian matron is worn here by Mrs. H. J. Lindeman. She was the grandmother of the Countess of Kenmare and of Dr. Grant Lindeman, of Sydney. Married at 18, Eliza Lindeman came to Australia from England with her husband, a Royal Navy doctor, in 1837. She spent most of her married life at "Casuarra," West Maitland, N.S.W., where her husband set up successfully as a winegrower. Mrs. Lindeman had 10 children, and died in 1898.



• Miss Bessie Friend, wearing the gold-and-black cameo earrings now in the possession of her great-niece, Miss Dorothy Friend, of Bundanoon, N.S.W. Bessie Friend was one of the seven children of Mr. W. S. Friend, of Devon, who came to Sydney in 1840 and established his ironmongery firm. In 1878 Miss Friend married a visiting English businessman, Mr. H. S. Thompson, and made her home in Birmingham. She and her five sons visited Australia in 1904.



• The character and purpose that made Mrs. I. E. Whitney the Grand Old Lady of New South Wales Central West is already apparent in this picture. As a bride Mrs. Whitney made the journey from Bathurst to near Warren, N.S.W., by bullock waggon. She later owned properties in Queensland, but her name will always be associated with "Coombing Park," Carcoar, N.S.W., and its fine shorthorn cattle. Mrs. Whitney had five daughters and a son, Mr. A. W. Whitney. She died in 1942, aged 96.



• This photograph of Miss Mary Jenkins, wearing her favorite pink coral necklace, was taken not long before her marriage to the Sydney barrister Mr. Henry Rolfe. She subsequently became The Honorable Mrs. Charles Holmes a' Court, and made her home in England, where she lived until her death in 1944. Dr. Alan Holmes a' Court, of Sydney, is her son, and Mr. Ian Rolfe, a Qantas pilot, is a grandson of her first marriage. Miss Jenkins was one of the eight children of Dr. R. J. Jenkins.

Sutex Glamour

IN THE CONTINENTAL MANNER



SUTEX will set the style this year with a sparkle of fashion to highlight your beach days ahead.

With Continental character in the styling, Sutex beachwear will excite and delight the most discriminating of the fashion-minded.

Soft, rich fabrics in this season's most popular colours, crafted so expertly to flatter—there are many gay styles from which to choose.

All the best stores are crazy about them—you will be, too.

FLEURETTE. (Below left)

A floral print suit, shown strapless with a matching skirt. The beach shirt completes an appealing outfit.

BOULEVARDE. (Below right)

A complete Everglaze ensemble, showing a cute sunbonnet and beach coat—also a swimsuit and skirt to match.

GRAND PRIX. (Above)

A superb classic in scintillating Satin Lastex, featuring a new 'quilted' front panel.

FANTASIA. (At left)

An ultra-smart cotton suit, featuring a fully-ribbed bra. The perfect suit for strapless wear.

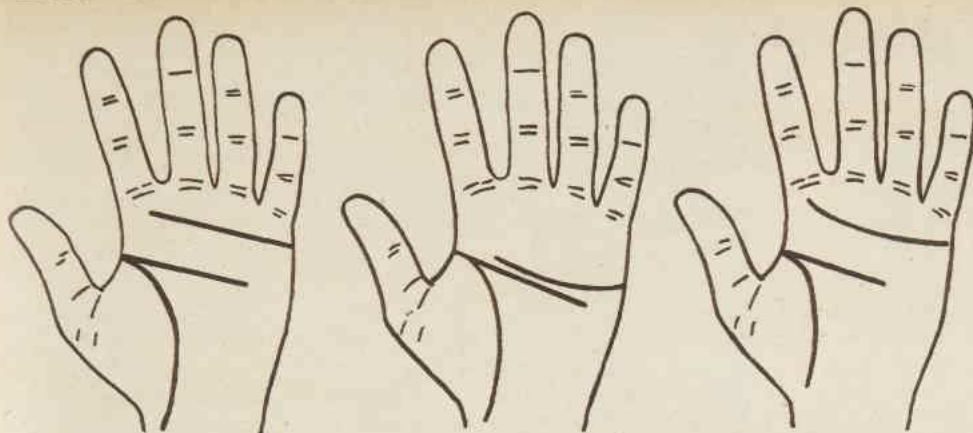
Sutex

Beautiful Beachwear

All the family will like Sutex Beachwear—it's available for men, boys, and girls, too.



HOW TO READ YOUR HAND



HEART LINE crossing the hand indicates a person who lets his heart rule his head.

HEART LINE dipping close to the Head line shows impatience and intolerance.

HEART LINE beginning on the Mount of Jupiter indicates that you idealise those you love.

The Heart Line

By
FRANCES KIENZLE

The Heart line is the first long line running across the hand under the fingers. It generally rises near the Mount of Jupiter under the first finger.

If your Heart line rises on the Mount of Jupiter you are idealistic; you will put your mate and children on a pedestal and all but worship them; you are more ambitious for them than for yourself.

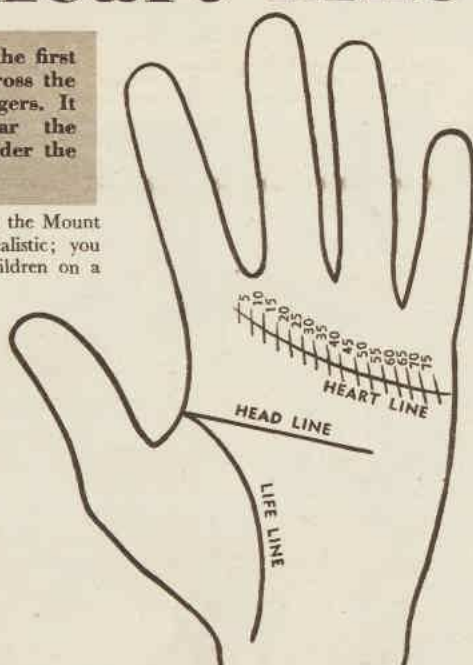
People whose Heart line begins on the Mount of Jupiter would unhesitatingly choose love above riches.

If your Heart line begins between your first and second fingers you are practical about your affections. You view love from a commonsense angle and you are seldom carried away by your emotions.

If the line rises in a straight line under the second finger, that is, without turning upwards, you are sensual and mostly selfish in your affections.

A Heart line that is forked at the beginning indicates a person who loves family, friends, and the world in general.

If your Heart line crosses your entire hand, you are too warm-hearted and let your heart rule your head. It also shows you to be of a jealous



PALM CHART showing the main lines and approximate age on the Heart line. Next week the Head line will be explained.

nature, particularly where your mate is concerned.

There are few instances where the Head or Heart lines are absent, but they very often merge, making one long line across the hand.

If this occurs in the left

hand, the hand of inheritance, it shows that you inherited a headstrong, domineering disposition.

If it merges in the left hand and does not in the right hand, the hand over which you rule, it shows that you have over-

come these inherited qualities.

If the lines are in the normal position in the left hand and have merged in the right hand, it shows that you have allowed yourself to become headstrong and determined to have your way at any cost.

When the Heart and Head lines run closely together, it shows that your head has the lead over your heart. It also indicates your impatience and intolerance of others' opinions.

A smooth, clear, deep Heart line shows loyalty, faithfulness, and constant affection.

A break on the Heart line often represents an interruption of a deep love which has affected you strongly enough to cause the break.

Branches leaving the Heart line and rising towards one of the mounts will show what quality in a person you prefer.

For instance, a branch line running towards the Mount of Apollo, under the third finger, indicates your preference for people of artistic tastes.

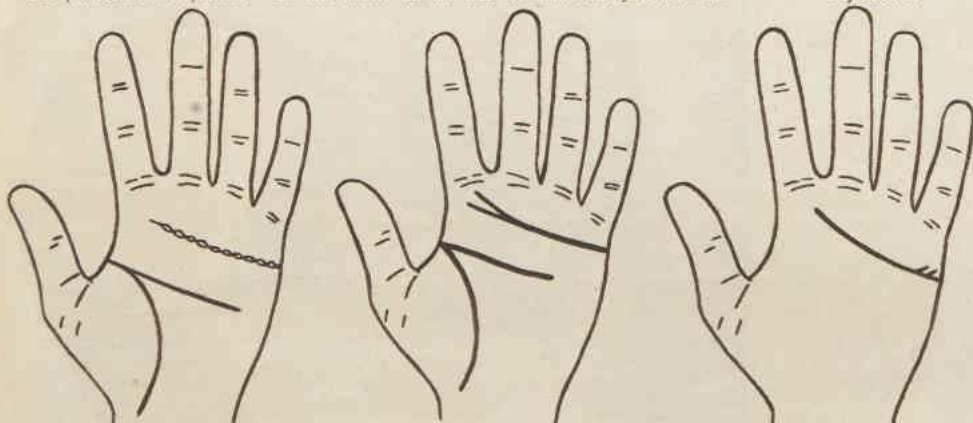
Children's lines

LOOK closely at the Heart line and count the little lines going towards the outside of the hand from the top of the Heart line.

In some cases you count the ones on the bottom of the line also.

Read the straight, deep lines as boys and the slanted, deep ones as girls.

Next week: The Head Line and the Lines of Influence.



CHAINED Heart line (left) is a sure indication that you are fickle. A forked beginning to the line (right) shows a friendly and generous disposition — someone who loves the world in general.

TWO CHILDREN are indicated by the two small lines running up from the Heart line.

JOINT PAINS

"A sufferer for years ... now I feel quite young again"



ONLY those who have suffered the constant nagging pain of rheumatism can know the full blessing of the relief experienced by Mrs. R. W.; read what she says, in her own words:—
"... what a lot of good your wonderful Kidney and Bladder Pills have done for me. I have been a sufferer for years. . . . A friend recommended me to try your pills and I have not yet finished a small bottle. My pains have vanished. . . . I feel quite young again."

(The original of this letter can be seen at our Melbourne office).

De Witt's Pills did a lot of good for Mrs. R. W., and they can do a lot of good for you, too, if your rheumatic aches and pains are due, as such complaints often are, to the faulty action of sluggish kidneys.

For relief from pain take De Witt's Pills, a tried and trusted family standby which has been helping rheumatic sufferers for more than 60 years. Within 24 hours of taking your first dose, you will have visual evidence that they are acting directly on your kidneys, cleansing, strengthening and stimulating them to full activity, and so relieving the cause of your pain. Go to your chemist or storekeeper and get a supply of De Witt's Pills without delay.

Take
DeWitt's
PILLS

For Kidney and Bladder Troubles

Price 4/- or large economy size 7/-



MUM

solves the
problem of
perspiration odours

As only MUM contains the new ingredient M.3 against odour-forming bacteria . . . only MUM can prolong after-bath freshness all day and protect you from odours which offend.

keeps you nice to be near

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL MYERS

HIGHLIGHTS IN SPRING FASHIONS

Lustre have created new, exciting lingerie fashions for Spring. Whether demure or sophisticated in line, each lovely garment has its own fashion highlight, and the superb cut and finish that comes naturally with Lustre. Choose White, Peach or Blue Mist in matched sets or individual garments. Lustre loveliness is so inexpensive, when you consider how it lasts and lasts.

silk lace and smocking



Ask for Set 34



Ask for Set 34

FOR THE LOVELIEST LINGERIE

ASK FOR

Lustre



AWAITING THE SHEARER. Under the trees in a small paddock at "Vale View" station, Yass, N.S.W., sheep which have been brought in from other parts of the property wait their turn to be shorn. The old stone homestead can be seen through the trees.



ALONG THE BOARD. The area of the shearing shed where the shearers clip the fleece is known as "the board." High wages enable shearers to buy cars and utility trucks so that they can travel from job to job without losing time. Some work as a team.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - September 16, 1953



IN THE PEN. Sheep ready to be shorn are driven up to the ramp into the shearing shed by the stockman and his dog. Skylights in the shed roof provide plenty of light. If the weather is wet, sheep awaiting shearing may be placed for shelter in the area under the shed's main floor.



ONE OF THE OLD SCHOOL of shearers is Jim McNally, who began shearing in 1908 and can still shear one hundred sheep a day. Work begins at 7.30 a.m. and finishes at 5.30 p.m., and is done in four two-hour "runs."

Wool is nation's richest harvest

City people share graziers' interest in price trends

Story and pictures by PHILIP C. MINTER

Wool sales which opened in N.S.W. on August 31 and are now being held in several States will determine Australia's prosperity for the coming year. So the city man as well as the grazier is watching prices keenly as overseas buyers bid for the 1952-53 clip offered at auction.

ONE of Australia's most famous wool-producing properties is "Vale View," Yass, N.S.W., which was founded in 1898 by the late Mr. George Merriman. It is now owned by his son-in-law Mr. J. L. Hodgkinson.

Pictures on these pages show scenes during shearing time at "Vale View."

On many occasions "Vale View" wool has gained the record price for the year. In 1950 it brought the mainland record price of £1/3/- a pound.

Merino rams carrying pure fine to superfine wool are bred on the property and are sold to sheepowners in many parts of Australia.

Shearing is a seasonal business which begins as early as January and February in some of the warmer parts of Queensland. In other parts of Queensland and north-western New South Wales shearing starts in March and April and it continues until late December in the colder areas of the southern States.

The shearing of thousands of sheep at "Vale View," which starts in the late spring, takes about three weeks. Shearers work in a modern brick shed and use electricity supplied from the Burrinjuck Dam powerhouse.

Station hands muster and pen-up the sheep for the shearers. When a sheep is

shorn, the shearer pushes it down a chute into a small yard. There is one chute and yard to each shearer at "Vale View." Pay for each man is assessed on the number of shorn sheep in his yard.

Shearers are members of the Australian Workers' Union, which rigidly controls their working conditions. They must shear only during four two-hour runs in their working day, which begins at 7.30 a.m. and ends at 5.30 p.m.

Awards vary according to

wool prices. Present rates of pay are £7/4/6 for 100 sheep and double rates for stud rams, which require more care.

Although a few shearers may earn up to £80 a week, the work is very hard and a shearer may be employed for only a part of the year.

During their stay on "Vale View" station shearers and shed hands live in small, two-man huts, close to the shearing shed. They dine in a mess-room and their meals are prepared by a highly paid cook.



PIECE-PICKING. Wool which was removed from the fleece during the "skirting" process is split up and sorted into its various types. Roger Kraushaw is pictured at this work. He is a former city boy who decided on a career in the wool industry.



SHORN SHEEP being turned out to the yards from the shearing shed at "Vale View" station, Yass, N.S.W., where all these pictures were taken. Although "Vale View" is mechanised, good horses are indispensable for mustering on this property. "Vale View" was founded in 1898 by the late Mr. George Merriman, and now belongs to his son-in-law Mr. J. L. Hodgkinson. The property grows fine wool, which has often brought record prices.



At 20 feet you make a delightful picture—
but, in his arms, does your complexion have

Soft Loveliness



Close-up—that's the real test of a beautiful complexion! What does your face powder really do for your complexion? Never mind what it does at a distance—what does it do for you—close-up?



"THREE FLOWERS" BRINGS NEW ENTRANCING LOVELINESS!

How often have you wished your complexion was as smooth and glamorous close-up as it is in your most flattering photographs? It can be! Richard Hudnut has added the magical TOP-TONE Shade Control formula to "Three Flowers" Face Powder—to bring new close-up beauty to every complexion. This exquisite, fine-textured "Three Flowers" brings to your complexion a delicate clinging veil of loveliness that covers tiny skin flaws, glorifies your own tonings... its exclusive formula positively prevents it from streaking, caking or changing colour.

Test "Three Flowers" beauty in your mirror... actually see the difference it makes to your own complexion with just one fragrant powdering.

To-night be lovelier to love!

Let heavenly "Three Flowers" bring you new poise, new charm... be sure of your beauty close-up—where romance is won or lost! Choose from the seven heavenly shades of "Three Flowers" to-day.

Alluring "All-Over" Loveliness!

To complete your lovely picture, "Three Flowers" Talc, Rouge, Lipstick, Foundation Cream... all harmonised to glorious "Three Flowers" Face Powder.

three flowers face powder

• in the standard GAY box or the economical REFILL

Creation of **Richard Hudnut** New York • London • Paris • Sydney

1737-143

MOTHER



"But WHY do you want to be married and have four children?"

BUTCH



"Just because he's a scoutmaster nobody else can tie knots right."

Worth Reporting

THE green lovebug sidled along towards us on the sofa in the Sydney Tivoli Theatre dressing-room of American puppeteers Paul Walton and Mike O'Rourke, who are appearing in Joy Nichols' show "Take It From Me."

"My name's Stinky, what's yours?" asked the lovebug. We told him.

"Nice," squeaked Stinky, climbing on to our lap and asking confidently. "Will yuh gimme a lil kiss, huh?"

We obliged, leaving lipstick on Stinky's wooden face. "I like you," said the lovebug, moving in again. But Mike O'Rourke prevented him, simply by hanging Stinky the puppet up on a hatpeg.

Then we concentrated on the two Americans, whose puppets starred in the film "Lili."

Carrottop, one of the stars, was there—but in pieces, soon to be assembled.

Moving gently in the slight breeze was glamor-girl of the African jungle Naika.

There was also the negro nightclub songstress Dianne, whose chocolate hands were carved with lines of fate by her creators. (Walton and O'Rourke do this for all their puppets.)

"Now," said Mr. Walton, picking up Dianne's hand, "she has lots of travel ahead of her. She'll probably lead a long and romantic life (notice the Mount of Venus). She'll be prosperous, though she hasn't much business sense. She's like Mike and me—not very businesslike."

Named for Her Excellency

ON her first visit to Queensland, Lady Slim, wife of Australia's new Governor-General, received an armful of "Lady Slim" carnations when she went to the flower farm of Mr. and Mrs. George Purdy, at Tambourine Mountain.

The carnations, named in her honor, are of English perpetually flowering stock, have deeply serrated petals which are shaded from mauve-grey (in pelargonium style) to a deep shocking-pink centre.

Famed for their carnations, the Purdys hope to name one of their blooms "Princess Anne."

Another they will seek permission to call "Elizabeth Regina" in honor of the Queen's visit.

NEXT to us in the lift of a city building was a colleague, known to us as a conscientious and hard-working man.

"But you can't please everyone," he sighed. "They're calling me 'Thallium' now. They say it's because I'm a slow-working dope."

Family post at Tent Hill

JUST retired after 50 years as postmistress of Tent Hill, near Glen Innes, N.S.W., 84-year-old Mrs. Mary Peberdy looks back on the days when Tent Hill was a booming tin-mining town and the mail arrived by Cobb and Co. coaches.

Today Tent Hill is a small settlement with only three subscribers in the telephone directory.

For 70 years, however, the weatherboard post office building was run by the Collins family, of which Mrs. Peberdy is a member.

On her retirement Mrs. Peberdy was delighted to receive a framed address presented to her at a surprise party, but even more pleased to be able to announce that Tent Hill post office would still be in the family.

For today her daughter, Mrs. J. Stanford, and granddaughter Mrs. F. Lennon are carrying on with the tradition which started back in 1883 and the mail still passes through the family hands at Tent Hill.

A CLAYFIELD (Brisbane) mother tells us that she felt considerably heartened recently when she found her six-year-old son trying to remove the plastic breathing helmet from one of his toy space men. "I'm fixing him up so he can live on earth," said the child.



"SORRY, but our regulations don't permit us to sell an A-bomb kit AND a globe to the same little boy."

A model-maker's materials

KNITTING needles, buttons, beads, steel wool, sprigs of cauliflower, gravy browning, coke, pencils, swab sticks, and coffee grounds are used by Mr. and Mrs. Edwin B. Ryan, of Artarmon, N.S.W., when constructing models of ships, planes, architectural and industrial projects.

"Nothing's really safe around the house," Sue Ryan told us. "Steel wool makes foliage for gum-trees, pencil-pines, and poplars—after it has been sprayed green. Even when I broke a string of pearls Ted used one as the porch light over the doorway of a model house."

From Mr. Ryan we learnt that swab sticks make realistic telephone poles, knitting needles turn into columns on public buildings, while buttons become silent cops at road intersections or have an alternative use as wall plaques.

Dried sprigs of cauliflower with a little treatment turn into convincing scrubby trees, coffee grounds mixed with fine gravel appear in finished models as piled up earth on factory sites.

"When Ted was working on a scale model of a ship," his wife continued, "he was using string for the rigging. We dipped it in gravy browning, acquiring the right weather-stained effect."

Mr. Edwin Ryan, now 30, informed us that he has been making models since the age of three ("My first product was an aeroplane. I used a big safety pin for the body of the plane, tin for the wings").

At 15 he set up in business on his own, worked in camouflage during the war, and has since built up a reputation overseas as well as in Australia.

"Today we make scale models of domestic appliances," Mr. Ryan went on, "before they are constructed full size. Sue and I have produced miniature radios, electric heaters, gas heaters, and vacuum cleaners. We enjoy our work. The only thing we don't enjoy is hearing people say 'Oh, you make toys.'"

"They're quite wrong, really. Model-making is one of the industrial sciences now."

TWO Canberra residents report that while motoring to Adelaide they saw a country store with a notice in the window reading: "We specialise in everything."

Swim in your frock of **ANTI-SHRINK** by *Grafton*
It won't shrink by the width of a thread!



CANNOT SHRINK • CANNOT FADE • CANNOT STRETCH • EASY TO WASH • EASIER TO DRY • EASIEST TO IRON

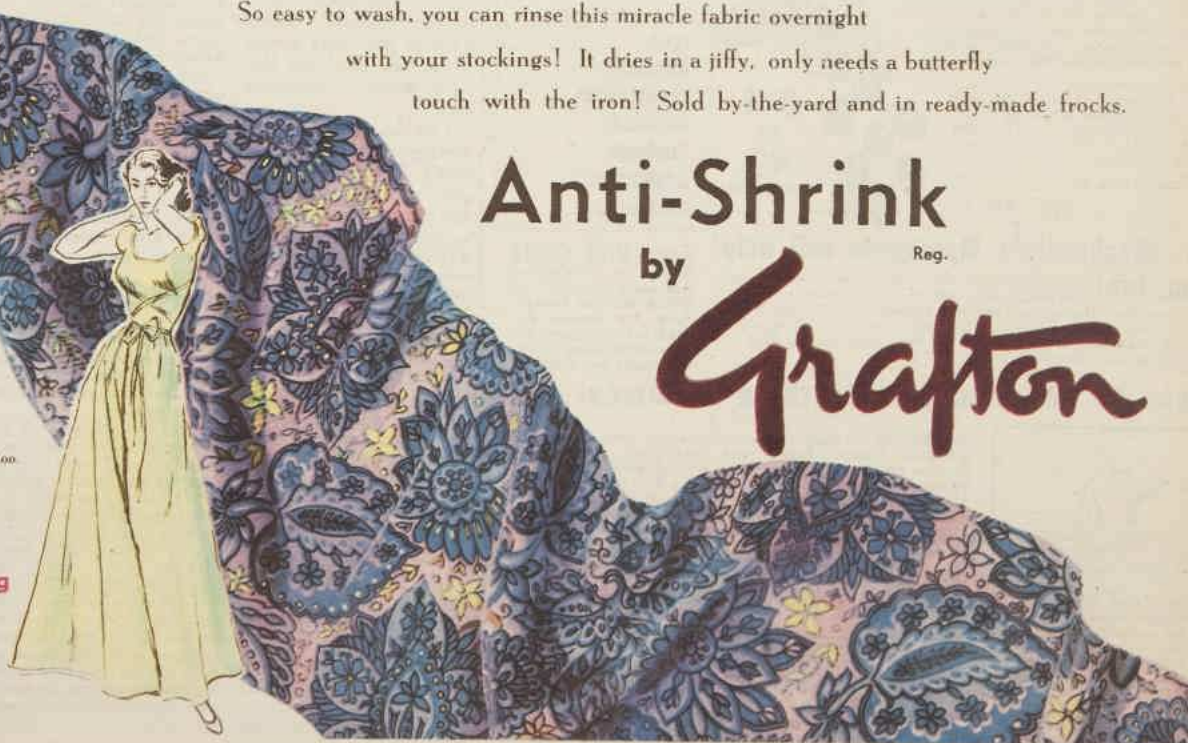
So easy to wash, you can rinse this miracle fabric overnight
with your stockings! It dries in a jiffy, only needs a butterfly
touch with the iron! Sold by-the-yard and in ready-made frocks.

Anti-Shrink
by Reg.

Grafton

Also in frocks by
ADELYN, COMMANDER
and ROSEBROFT
Lingerie by MABRO
Blouses by ROTILLA.
Little girl frocks by MABRO too.

No more of
those wage-wrecking
dry-cleaning bills!



A godsend to us...

bedridden nearly
a year, now up
and about again
with new energy



If you are suffering, this letter
will interest you

She writes:

"Recommended by our chemist to take Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for Rheumatism, I must write and tell you what a godsend they have been to us. My shoulder and knees and feet are now free from pain, the first time for years.

"My sister suffered terribly from swollen joints and was in bed for nearly a year. I sent her a flask of Menthoids and she felt so well after the first bottle that she continued taking them and, I am thankful to say, she is now up and about and does her own washing and housework again.

"My husband used to suffer a lot with Lumbago and swollen knuckles, but since he took Menthoids it has gone and he has never been troubled with it since. I tell everyone I know about Menthoids."

Yours sincerely,
(Mrs.) Ruby L.

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids will help you, too!

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids help drive out the everyday poisons and germs from your system that so often cause Headaches, Dizziness, Rheumatic Aches and Pains, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago and similar ailments. If you suffer in this way, get a flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids to-day.

How Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoid treatment acts



More than 400 muscles support spine here. All are susceptible to injury and poisonous accumulations.

In order that Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids may exert their beneficial action on Kidneys, Bladder and Bloodstream, the prescription includes medicaments that maintain their effective properties after passing through the digestive tract. Get a flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids to-day and rid yourself of that unhappy, depressed feeling—those aches and pains that are sapping your strength—and give yourself a new lease of life and youthful energy.

Start a course of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids to-day.

Get a month's treatment flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for 7/6, with Diet Chart, or a 12-day flask for 4/- from your nearest chemist or store. If far from town, pin a postal note to a piece of paper with your name and address and send to British Medical Laboratories, Box 4155, G.P.O., Sydney.

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids—famous treatment for the blood



Get quick relief
from
backache
rheumatism
sciatica
lumbago
headaches
dizziness

Free Diet Chart
Send a stamped
addressed envelope to
British Medical Laboratories
Pty. Limited, Box
4155, G.P.O., Sydney, for
your FREE copy of the
Menthoids Diet Chart.

THE HOUSEWIFE...



HOUSEWIFE MRS. R. PARTRIDGE, of Pymble, N.S.W., with her two children, Gay and Ian. Here Mrs. Partridge supervises Gay's sums, while Ian does some coloring-in.

Knowledge of 10 trades used in woman's 77½-hour week

If housewives who are mothers of families were paid wages, they could earn, with overtime and penalty rates, about £1400 a year. This amount would be increased considerably in a year in which sickness hit the family.

OF course, wives and mothers don't try to estimate how much work they do. They do it for love. At least that is what their husbands hope.

But if she claimed as her due the money she—or her husband—would have to pay other people to do her work for her, what would a housewife earn?

I set out to calculate the average Australian housewife's theoretical earnings in an average week and straightway ran up against two problems.

- There are thousands of average housewives, but no individual housewife can be called average.
- No housewife has an average week.

To make a statistical survey on this question, a poll of thousands of women covering an extended period of weeks would be needed, so instead I found a "guinea pig"—a housewife who would help me to estimate her week's work, and whose husband, not having a guilty conscience, would agree to her doing it.

My full-time housewife is Mrs. R. Partridge, of Pymble, Sydney. Her qualifications for the role of "guinea pig" are:

- A husband who works a 40-hour week in a white-collar job.
- Two children, Gay, 7, and

Ian, 5½, who both go to the local public school.

• A two-bedroomed bungalow which she and her husband are just completing.

Mrs. Partridge does all housework without outside help. She has a washing machine and the normal quota of household appliances to lighten her work. The Partridges have a car, but she doesn't drive it.

Before starting on her estimates, Mrs. Partridge said, in all fairness, that she doesn't work her fingers to the bone. She just keeps going throughout her working day.

On weekdays Mrs. Partridge starts at 6.30 a.m. to prepare breakfast and her day ends at 8 p.m., when the dinner washing-up is finished.

A hot dinner seven days a week takes up one and a half hours daily, and the light meal at weekends one hour a day. She ignores the preparation of her own weekday meal.

Apart from the cooking of meals, she also devotes three hours a week to cake-baking.

The Partridges do not entertain very much, so she does not allow time in her list for cooking for such occasions.

The light housework adds up to two hours daily during the week and two-and-a-half hours daily on Saturday and Sunday. Time spent on washing-up is included here.

She makes four beds, tidies two bedrooms, sweeps and dusts the six-roomed house, cleans bath and washbasin every day.

Mrs. Partridge's home is so new that she doesn't have much heavy cleaning to do. Washing and polishing the sunroom - cum - dining - room floor, washing the kitchen and bathroom floors, and wiping down the front path take up about two hours a week. The lounge is still to be completed, so she does not count that for the moment.

She has two washing days a week, usually Monday and Friday, and also keeps up with the children's washing every day. The two main washes take two hours a week—using the washing machine—and the daily washes an overall one-and-a-half hours a week.

She irons twice a week for a total of five hours. Even though Gay and Ian are at school each weekday

She earns £1400 a year



GAY has a fitting with a paper pattern during a sewing session. Making the clothes is a regular duty for Mrs. Partridge.



PAINTING is one of the jobs that Mrs. Partridge does to help her husband complete their newly built home.

from 9 a.m. to 3.30 p.m., Mrs. Partridge still has to spend a good deal of time supervising them.

Between 7.30 a.m., when her husband leaves for work, and the children's departure, she gives them their breakfast and prepares them for school. Before dinner at night she sees that they have their bath, gives them their meal at 5.45 p.m., and has them in bed before she and her husband sit down to their evening meal between 6.30 and 7.

At weekends, her routine with the children is similar, and she feels that it is an underestimation, if anything, to put the time spent on them, as children's nurse, at two hours a day. To this she adds governess duties (helping them with their lessons, etc.) of half-an-hour a day.

Mrs. Partridge's next most important job is sewing. She makes all the children's clothes and some of her own, as well as mending and darning, and making furnishings for her house. Each week she spends six hours on this.

Bread, milk, and groceries are delivered to the Partridge home. Mrs. Partridge usually shops herself for meat, fruit, and vegetables twice a week.

The nearest shopping centre is about three-quarters of a mile away, and she usually walks this distance.

Mrs. Partridge was loath to include shopping in her estimate because she considers it and her occasional trips to town a pleasure. She would allow only three hours a week for it.

She did not allow for her trips to town at all because they come only once in two or three weeks.

The Partridges have laid out a front garden which is now flourishing, but there is a lot still to be done in the back garden. At different times during the week Mrs. Partridge spends three hours gardening.

Her husband and children are so rarely ill that she does not think it fair to claim an

average nursing-time allowance.

Mrs. Partridge has helped her husband continuously in the building of their home. The bricklaying was done for them, but Mr. Partridge did all the rest.

His wife helped mix concrete, punched the nails into the floorboards, and was general help and handyman.

She is still helping him with the painting. Now, she says, there is not so much to do, so she allows only one hour a week for her laboring work.

This gives Mrs. Partridge another £72/6, making her weekly wage £26/15/5 and her earnings in a year almost £1400.

Of necessity, her assessment of time spent on her duties has had to be simplified. As every housewife knows, sometimes she would do two jobs at once, and at other times would be interrupted and delayed in her work.

But if she doesn't get a job done within her normal hours, she does it after 8 p.m., so the

basic rate. Many housewives, however, would think it fairer to have a special rate covering weight carried and distance walked for this.

Gardening rates mentioned are calculated on the male basic wage of £12/3/- a 40-hour week (N.S.W. rate).

The 11½ hours Mrs. Partridge spends sitting down to meals with her husband and family she would not dream of including in her pay claim.

But there are women who could, especially if they have taciturn husbands who merely shovel down the food so carefully prepared for them and never attempt to make the meal a pleasant break.

For these housewives time-and-a-half or double time at basic wage rates for "patience" money might fit the bill.

N.B.: Henpecked husbands could deduct, at the same rates, from their wives' pay claims.

Mrs. Partridge has a helpful husband. That is probably why her estimate is reasonably low. He looks after the business affairs of the household and all mechanical repairs.

For those housewives whose husbands don't do these duties, here are some further award rates:

(to nearest penny)
Bookkeeping 7/7 an hour
Secretarial 7/9 " "
Carpentry 8/6 " "
Plumbing 8/3 " "
Furniture making 8/1 " "

Country women might also like to know these rates:

Shearers' cook, £1/16/5 per shearer per week.
Farm laborer, 7/5 an hour.
Primary school teacher, from £674 per annum.

In assessing all claims, the housewife should remember to play fair, allowing for board, lodging, clothes, and entertainment paid for by her husband.

On the other hand, she should not forget that when making out his income-tax return her husband gets a substantial allowance for having a wife.

WEEKLY WAGE SHEET				
Here is Mrs. Partridge's average week, including time spent on her different jobs, the rate at which she can charge for them, and the total payment due.				
Duties and Hours Worked	Rates of Pay	Earnings		
Cooking 21½	5/- an hour	5 7 6		
Housework 15	5/- an hour	3 15 0		
Cleaning 2	5/- an hour	10 0		
Washing 3½	5/- an hour	17 6		
Ironing 5	5/- an hour	1 5 0		
Children's nurse and governess 17½	5/- an hour	4 7 6		
Shopping 3	5/- an hour	15 0		
Sewing 6	5/- an hour	1 10 0		
Gardening 3	6/- an hour	18 0		
Builder's laborer (Unskilled) 1	7/4½ an hour	7 5		
77½		19 12 11		
Plus 14 hours she spent at meals. Total hours, 91½.				

Mrs. Partridge's total earnings apparently put her in the middle-income group with over £1000 a year, until she remembered that it is for a 77½-hour week.

This could be easily rectified by increasing her rates to time-and-a-half for hours worked over eight hours on weekdays and double time for her weekend work.

Calculating roughly, using the 5/- an hour rate, her time worked over the 40-hour week, 37½ hours, is divided into 18 hours at 2/6 an hour on weekdays and 19½ hours at 5/- an hour at weekends.

actual time spent on work remains the same.

As shown in the above list, most of a housewife's duties can only be assessed at basic-wage rates. In actual practice, rates paid to other workers depend on mutual agreement between the parties concerned.

Mrs. Partridge and I chose 5/- an hour because it is a generally prevailing amount and the nearest round figure to the female basic wage in N.S.W., £9/2/- a 40-hour week (4/7 an hour).

There was no way of computing Mrs. Partridge's wage for shopping time except by

For post haste
without waste

use Overseas Airmail
these 3 ways

For business houses and individuals alike the secret of using overseas Air Mail is to choose the right classification for the particular purpose. Many people do not know for example, that it is possible to send a sealed, private letter to a friend on the other side of the earth for as little as 10d.

Familiarise yourself with these 3 different classifications and save money as well as time.



1. For lengthy correspondence use overseas Air Mail (sealed envelope). Rates vary according to destination. Example: To U.K. only 2/- per ½-oz.—a 1d. per 500 miles.



For brief correspondence both personal and business, completely sealed and private, use the special pre-stamped Aerogramme forms (previously known as Air Letters). You can buy these at any Post Office for 10d. each (including postage) for Air Mail to almost any part of the world.



For regular greetings to friends overseas use air postcards and greeting cards. A postcard overseas by Air Mail may be sent at special rates ranging from as little as 6d. to some Pacific Islands and only 1/- to the U.K. Greeting cards must be posted in open envelopes, writing must be confined to five words.

Packets, parcels, printed matter, etc., may also be sent to most countries at special lower rates.

ASK at the G.P.O.
or your Post Office



This announcement is inserted as a public service by
Qantas Empire Airways,
Australia's Overseas Airline,
Contractors to the P.M.G. for
Overseas Air Mail.

AM1b

Make this delicious LEMON MERINGUE PIE



RECIPE LEMON MERINGUE PIE

Ingredients: 1 tin Nestlé's Sweetened Condensed Milk, 2 eggs, 1 pt. lemon juice, 2 ozs. castor sugar, grated rind of 1 lemon, 4 ozs. short pastry.
Method: Roll pastry and bake in pie plate. Mix together Nestlé's Sweetened Condensed Milk, lemon juice, grated rind of 1 lemon and egg yolks. Pour mixture into baked pie shell. Prepare a meringue by beating up the egg whites, adding the sugar gradually until stiff and then fold in the lemon mixture and bake slowly, until set, in a moderate oven.

so Quick and Easy!

Young and old alike will be loud in their praise when they taste this Lemon Meringue Pie . . . a more-ish blend of crisp pie crust and scrumptious lemon filling made from Nestlé's Sweetened Condensed Milk.
Such appealing goodness comes from creamy country milk rich in essential nourishment. But always remember . . . it's the pure freshness and richness of Nestlé's Sweetened Condensed Milk that make all the difference. Always insist on Nestlé's and make sure you get it.



NESTLÉ'S
FULL CREAM MILK

CM 10-12

DOCTORS PROVE Palmolive



can bring **YOU**

a lovelier complexion

in 14 days!



YOU TOO CAN LOOK FOR THESE
COMPLEXION IMPROVEMENTS IN 14 DAYS

- ♥ Fresher, brighter complexion!
- ♥ Less oiliness!
- ♥ Added softness and smoothness!
- ♥ Fewer, tiny blemishes — and incipient blackheads!
- ♥ Complexion clearer, more radiant!



NOT JUST A PROMISE... BUT A PROVED PLAN!

This is all you do!

Wash your face with Palmolive Soap.

Then for 60 seconds massage your clean face with Palmolive's soft lovely lather... Rinse!

Do this twice a day for 14 days. This cleansing massage will bring your skin Palmolive's beautifying effect.

PALMOLIVE BY FAR THE BIGGEST SELLING
TOILET SOAP IN AUSTRALIA!

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 16, 1953



GRANDMOTHER. Denys Tanner (left), Margaret Bruce, and Mrs. W. Conway, the 63-year-old grandmother of the Redex reliability trial, after their car had reached Brisbane on the first lap of their long trip half way round Australia.

Nannie Conway likes the bush

Australia's famous "Nannie" of the wheel, 63-year-old Mrs. W. M. Conway, of Rose Bay, N.S.W., is thrilled because the Redex reliability trial has provided her with her first opportunity to see the Australian outback.

"I HAVE enjoyed every minute of it," she said. "I have been wanting to see the Australian outback for years, but I've never had the opportunity to do it in company. I was dared

to make the trip and I did it.

"The reason why so many other drivers are suffering from strain and exhaustion is that they are in the trial to gain points and win," she added.

From
ROBERT FREEDEN,
in Darwin

"Many of them are driving cars which they don't own. They can afford to ruin the cars on this trip to gain points.

"I drive my own car and pay my own way. I decided to go slow over the Cloncurry-Mt. Isa section because if I had not it would have ruined my car.

"We were nearly three hours late in Mt. Isa, but we got there without any trouble, and with the car intact. We had only a puncture caused by a nail."

Between Mt. Isa and Darwin she and her team mates, Margaret Bruce and Denys Tanner, took it easy and arrived only two minutes ahead of schedule.

"I have enjoyed every minute of the trip," said Mrs. Conway. "People have been marvellous to us.

"We have no mechanic. The only thing we had done on the trip was greasing."

She received her first driving licence in 1913.

Mrs. Conway made a few alterations to the car bodywork to accommodate her crew. She took out the back seat and the front left-hand seat and made one bunk from the front to the rear of the car. The space behind the driver's seat is filled with luggage and the third member of the crew has to fit in there somehow.

The crew members take it in turns driving, sleeping, and sitting on top of the luggage. The boot is full of spares and other necessary equipment.

What has surprised sight-seers at every stop that trial car No. 19 has made was that an elderly lady with a charming personality emerged looking as if she had just come out of her dressing-room. Most other drivers arrived at Darwin untidy and covered in Territory dust.

Margaret Bruce and Denys Tanner are amazed at Mrs. Conway's endurance and energy. They can't keep up with her and they always get tired first.

"She is a really pleasant travelling companion," said Denys. "She always tells us not to worry if we get in a tight spot or lag behind time. We take her word for it and relax."

Her crew affectionately calls her "Nannie."

The contestants in car No. 19 stayed at Darwin with former neighbors of Mrs. Conway from Rose Bay—Captain V. Hudson, of Army H.Q. Darwin, and Mrs. Hudson.

"My biggest job was to try to get Mrs. Conway to rest," said Mrs. Hudson. "She always wanted to do the washing-up, and on Monday morning she locked herself in the ironing-room to work."

"It took some time to persuade her to have a sleep."

Mrs. Conway said she would keep the "List of Spares" book issued by the N.R.M.A. for posterity, because she found it unnecessary to carry many of the spares listed.

Her car is painted over with advertisements. An advertiser for car hoods will provide her with a new hood; a brake firm fixed her brakes and in return got an advertisement over the mudguards; a spray-painting firm got an honorable mention for promising to paint her car; and a grocery firm for supplying tinned foods.

A car firm has offered to overhaul her vehicle for her if she completes the trip.

Mrs. Conway entered an Austin A-40 in the trial.

On arriving at Rockhampton after a tough trip in difficult weather, Mrs. Conway's good humor shone through.

"I was delayed on the rough Gin Gin-Miriam Vale section," she said, "but never mind, we are only competing for the toaster."

(The prize for the best performance by an Austin car is an automatic electric toaster.)

Saying goodbye to well-wishers in Darwin before leaving for Alice Springs, Mrs. Conway said she hoped to return to Darwin next year in the wintertime because of the nice people there and the climate.

"But," she added, "next time I will rail my car over the worst stretches."



The Perfect Pair! Malt Flavoured and Chocolate Flavoured OVALTINE

Choose the flavour you prefer . . . both are delicious, and both contain all the important nutritive elements that have made Ovaltine the largest-selling tonic food beverage throughout the world.

Make Ovaltine your regular daytime and bedtime beverage — see how it improves the health of all your family. Chocolate Flavoured Ovaltine is fully sweetened and needs no addition of sugar. Start taking Ovaltine today. At all leading chemists and grocers.

CLEANS FAST NEVER SCRATCHES



Here's the one cleanser that works fast without grit. And Bon Ami polishes as it cleans. Nothing like it for sinks, baths, pots and pans. Try it to-day.

BON AMI



TWO HANDY PACKAGES
POWDER AND CAKE

THE ONE FAST CLEANSER THAT hasn't scratched yet!

pain?

let infraphil's
soothing rays
radiate pain away



Pain—destroyer of sleep, endless torment—surrenders to the soothing infra-red rays of Philips Infraphil. If you suffer from any of the ailments shown below, or any other common painful conditions, then Infraphil is a proven scientific treatment that you can afford. Infra-red heat irradiation penetrates the skin and gives off its healing heat to deep-seated tissues. Blood vessels expand, more blood flows to the affected part and injurious substances are carried off. Pain is relieved and diseased tissues are rehabilitated. Infraphil even gives wonderful relief to the painful congestion that accompanies colds.

NO HOME SHOULD BE WITHOUT IT!

Infraphil is portable, inexpensive to purchase or operate. Throughout the world it has proven its efficacy. For radiant, glowing health—a Philips Infraphil.

SUCCESSFUL HOME TREATMENT FOR

Rheumatism
Sore Throat
Lumbago
Sciatica
Colds
Boils
Catarrh

Sprains
Chilblains
Carbuncles
Mucositis
Crops
Inflammation

PHILIPS

infra- phil



ONLY
£7:18:6
at your chemist or Philips retailer

P.L.S. 53

**For every day
on your summer calendar . . .**



SEPTEMBER	OCTOBER	NOVEMBER	DECEMBER	JANUARY	FEBRUARY
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29



When planning summer wardrobes . . .

Lucas Everloc & Floraloc are summer indispensables.

The new season's styles sparkle with refreshingly different colours and designs . . . all guaranteed colourfast and crease-resistant. Obtainable in a wider range of sizes, and at more-pleasing prices, than ever before . . . from leading stores throughout Australia.

Retail Prices:

Floraloc—Sizes 12 to 18—152/6 . . . 36 to 44—159/6

Everloc—Sizes 12 to 18—130/- . . . 36 to 44—139/6

LUCAS *floraloc*
EVERLOC

For the name of your nearest store selling Lucas Everloc and Floraloc, write to E. Lucas & Co., 27 Flinders Lane, Melb.

Meeting new people

First meetings have an irresistible lure. For one thing they imply adventure, and few people turn away from adventure.

EVEN the most bashful human beings feel it. They may genuinely dread "meeting new people," yet half buried under their apprehension are curiosity, hope, expectancy.

Most people swallow a lot of water before they learn to float serenely on the sea of social exchange.

Even the actual introductions themselves are at first a bit hard to handle for the novice. Although pretty well everyone knows the rules it doesn't hurt to repeat them.

You present a younger person to an older, a man to a woman, and someone you've known a long time to a relatively new acquaintance.

"I want you to meet" and "This is" have mostly displaced the more formal "May I present."

These days you say, for instance: "Mum, this is Tommy Jones." Then, turning to your friend: "Tommy, my mother," or "Dad, this is Buntzy Smith. Buntzy, my father."

In the latter instance, your father's seniority to your girlfriend overrules the principle of introducing the man to the woman.

In the same way, you introduce an older man to a younger man when the younger man—perhaps your boss, to take one example—outranks the older.

As far as shaking hands is concerned, that's up to the girl or to the older person. No great social harm is done if you're neither and yet hold out your hand, although it's the girl's privilege.

For a man, especially, there are two wrong ways of shaking hands. One is not to know your own strength so that your handshake is a crushing torture. The other is to extend a limp flipper.

Of the two the bone-crusher is the more welcome. The acknowledgment of

the introduction is simply "How do you do?" Never say, "Pleased to meet you" (or "meetcha" as it usually sounds). Never say, "You're welcome" or, "The pleasure's mine." They're worse than making an indeterminate gagging noise in your throat.

Say, "How do you do?" and make a smile speak your friendliness.

So far, so good. You've said, "How do you do?" maybe you've shaken hands. And there you are, standing in silence wondering what on earth you can say.

This isn't always so. You meet some people with whom



"Would you mind saying 'ouch' when you shake hands with Daddy? He likes to think he's stronger than any man half his age."

you click right away. Conversation seems to make itself. You feel you've known them for years. If your auras, or personalities, or whatever you call them, were visible, you'd see them meeting above your heads and embracing like two Frenchmen.

For conversation isn't a consistent talent. Even an easy talker finds that in some people's presence he hasn't a thing to say, but that, as Emerson said, "Among those who enjoy his thought he regains his tongue."

Some people are naturals at the conversational preliminaries.

Good mixers, they're usually called. And if you

- Don't panic at introductions
- Learn some ice-breaking tricks

study them you'll find that their great secret is nothing more than a genuine interest in their fellow creatures and a genuine desire to communicate with them.

They find it impossible to stand waiting for someone else to make the initial effort, and they're not afraid of being thought eccentric or silly for their remarks.

They may know little about your pet topic, but they can always find some anecdote (short) or observation that starts you off. And they listen to what you say for the very best of reasons—they're interested.

You won't find them asking stand-and-deliver questions like, "Have you read any good books lately?" This sort of thing is calculated to make anyone go blank.

If good mixers ever stopped to reason about it, they would realise that their ice-breaking tricks can be reduced to two fundamentals.

One is that they show awareness of the other person as an individual. ("Why, you're quite small, really. It's those high heels that make you seem tall.")

The other is that they share a common predicament. ("I never know how to manage a cup and saucer and sandwich and cigarette at the same time, do you?")

All such people may not become your friends. Their shining qualities might turn out to be considerably less than gold. But their ability to overcome other people's shyness and awkwardness makes them socially welcome indeed.

You can make yourself one of them by following the cardinal rule of first meetings.

This is to forget yourself and say or ask something that demonstrates your interest in whomever you're meeting.

they're both on the one platter it makes a good buy.

"DANCING WITH SOMEONE" is also available from that personality thrush Teresa Brewer, who is building up a big following for herself with really tip-top performances like this. She links it with "Breakin' in the Blues," on DO70038.

IF you enjoyed Karen Chandler's debut song ("Hold Me, Thrill Me, Kiss Me"), you'll be keen on its successor, on DO70045, "I'd Love to Fall Asleep." She has a style all her own. Reverse is "Goodbye, Charlie, Good-bye."

—BERNARD FLETCHER.

TRIX is double magic!

- 1 DIRTY DISHES BECOME SPARKLING CLEAN IN A JIFFY — GREASE DISSOLVES RIGHT AWAY.
- 2 NO WIPING UP! JUST LET CROCKERY, SILVER AND GLASSWARE DRAIN DRY.



Anything suds can do
Trix can do better!

TRIX... the "MIRACLE" DETERGENT

TRIX is not a "soap"... it's a new scientific detergent with almost magic cleansing powers. TRIX dissolves grease... lifts dirt right out... banishes hard water problems.

TRIX is SAFE

TRIX is hygienic. In washing-up, TRIX cleans so thoroughly that it "sterilises" the dishes. Unlike ordinary suds, TRIX does not re-deposit germs and grease in a film of foam. Instead, TRIX magically makes water absorb all the germs and grease—flushing them away down the drain where they belong.

TRIX is THICK

There's so much more "body" in trix than in standard detergents... so trix goes much, much further. TRIX is economical... saves you money on ordinary soaps and powders.



FOR WOOLLENS AND HAND LAUNDRY
TRIX "lifts" dirt right out—doesn't shrink, thicken or harden. TRIX makes woollens even fluffier and fluffier.



IN WASHING MACHINES
TRIX is the perfect detergent—helping the machine to do a better, speedier and more thorough job.



FOR CLEANING WINDOWS
For a sparkling finish, simply wipe with a solution of TRIX in water... no need to polish.



FOR CLEANING LINOLEUM AND TILES
Add a tablespoonful of trix to half a bucket of hot water... just mop over—dirt and discolouration disappear like magic.

Also for
CARPETS, UPHOLSTERY
CLEANING THE CAR
GREASY MARKS
GAS STOVES
BURNT POTS AND PANS

TABBED for a spot on my shelves is EA4123, Jean Sablon's version of "Song From the Moulin Rouge." The accompaniment, beautifully done, too, is by the Melachrino Strings. Collectors of French records know Sablon well. He's more or less the French Crosby. Flipside is "For You." Nice to have you back in the lists, Jean, and we hope to hear more of you after your smash tour of Britain.

TAKE two parts of samba, one of calypso, add a dash of flamenco and you have "Anna," theme song of the film of the same name. Star of movie and disc is the volcanic "Bitter Rice" girl, Sil-

DISC DIGEST

vana Mangano. The reverse side, "The Voluto Bene" (I Loved You) is a good cabaret number in Continental style, but "Anna" was the hit side in the States. Disc is MGM 5142.

SCOFF at the hillbilly and yodelling school if you will, but there's no denying that it puts the hit parade seal on "Seven Lonely Days." It's corny—but you'll revel in it. This disc, A7820, which couples "Dancing with Someone," introduces a new vocalist called Bonnie Lou. Both numbers have been enormously popular overseas, and since



BRIDAL GROUP. Mr. and Mrs. Kevin McCann with bridesmaids Leonie Cramer (left), Patricia McAuliffe, and Shirley Vandenberg after the ceremony at St. Mary's, North Sydney. Mrs. McCann was formerly Bronwyn Cramer, daughter of the Federal Member for Bennelong, Mr. J. O. Cramer, and Mrs. Cramer.



A KISS FOR ANNE. Three-year-old John Pagan kisses his sister Anne after her christening at St. Michael's, Vaucluse. Anne, who is held by her mother, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jock Pagan.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

MERRYMAKERS dressed up as all kinds of jungle animals, cannibals, missionaries, tourists on safari, big-game hunters, and many others will meet at the A.C.I. Ballroom on October 2, when the "Naughty 'Nineties Goes To Darkest Africa."

The ballroom itself will be transformed into a jungle, with tropical greenery, exotic flowers, serpents, and monkeys (cardboard variety), which have been made by the ball's committee members in the past few weeks.

There'll also be a boiling cauldron and recordings of appropriate jungle noises.

President of the ball committee, Mrs. W. J. Smith, tells me that she and Mr. Smith are thinking of going as the Queen of Sheba and King Solomon.

Other visitors to "Darkest Africa" will include Mr. and Mrs. Dan Carroll, Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Lynch, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Doyle, and Mr. and Mrs. John Minter.

Proceeds of the ball will aid the New South Wales Institution for Deaf and Dumb and Blind Children.

RECEPTION at old family home, "Belle-Vue," Maitland, will follow the wedding of Noel (Tommy) Petherbridge and George Clift at St. Andrews, Largs, on September 12. "Belle-Vue" has been in the Graham family for more than 50 years and is at present the home of Tommy's uncle, Mr. Richard Graham. Tommy, who is the daughter of Mrs. M. Petherbridge, of Maitland, and of the late Mr. Ernest Petherbridge, will be attended by her sister, Marian, and four-year-old Elizabeth Graham.

MRS. FREDDIE COOK, who has just returned home after more than two years in Washington, tells me that for the next few weeks her time will be mostly taken up with shopping for her son and daughter. They're off to boarding school—13-year-old Venitia to Annesley, Bowral, and David, who is ten, to Cranbrook.

I ADMIRE Lady Hillary's engagement ring when she and Sir Edmund stopped off in Sydney for a day on their way to England, where Sir Edmund will do a lecture tour. The ring is a beautiful pearl and diamond band, set in gold to match her plain gold wedding ring.

FOUR weeks after his return from a seven months' trip abroad, Peter Johnson and Laurel Broadbent announced their engagement. Peter and Laurel were guests of honor at a family party given by Laurel's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Broadbent, last weekend at their home in Mosman.

AMONG many messages of congratulations received by Mrs. H. Percival, of Rose Bay, on her 80th birthday were three cables from overseas. Two came from her sons, Captain Edgar Percival and Mr. Robert Percival, in London and the other from her daughter, Mrs. Neil Foster in Trinidad.



TOWN HALL CONCERT. Mrs. William Kapell (left) with Colin Ross-Munro, of "Boree," Moree, and Carmen Sidwell at a concert given by William Kapell at the Sydney Town Hall.

DIANA STURGE will be the second member of her family to visit Australia when she arrives in Sydney on September 12. Her elder sister, Priscilla, now Mrs. Peter Kinnimont, was here in 1950. Diana is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Sturge, of Bletchingly, Surrey, England, and while in Sydney she will stay with her aunt, Mrs. N. L. Bottomley, at Rose Bay. Diana will be in Australia for about six months.

GUESTS at the "at home" given by Muswellbrook, Scone, and Murrumbidgee Spinners and Bachelors in Muswellbrook last week included attractive Sydney lasses Sue Gidley King and June Anderson, who both stayed over the weekend in Muswellbrook. But it was back to hard work on their return, as both June and Sue are members of the Haywire Committee, and at present they're busy planning a dinner dance to be held at the Pickwick Club on October 14 in aid of the Anti-T.B. Association.



SIGNING THE REGISTER. Peter Nickoll and his bride, formerly Audrie Morrow, of "Runnymede," Cassilis, after their wedding at St. Stephen's Church.



ON THE STAIRS at Prince's are John Dunwoodie, Rosemary Wiles, David Palmer, and Judy Allan at the South Pacific Ball in aid of the Spastic Centre.



CUTTING THE CAKE. Ken McFadden and his bride, formerly Ann Hassall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. Marsden Hassall, of Tambourine Mountains, Queensland.

Black and White Ball

● Sydney's Black and White Ball, one of the most brilliant social events of the year, is held annually during the Spring Racing Carnival and attracts visitors from all States.

Since the first ball was held in 1936, about £23,500 has been raised by the committee for the Royal Blind Society. On this page are pictures of some of the committee members working for this year's ball.



YOUNG COMMITTEE MEMBERS Gillian Galbraith (left) and Marcia Moses in the dresses they will wear to the Black and White Ball at the Trocadero, Sydney, on October 6.



SMART MATRONS Mrs. Neville Manning (seated) and Mrs. Alan Copeland, who are also working for the success of the ball. Pictures on this page by staff photographer Bob Cleland.



STRAPLESS BLACK GOWN is Annette Macarthur Onslow's choice for the ball. Annette is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Macarthur Onslow, Camden, N.S.W.



BALLERINA DRESS of French moire will be worn by Mrs. Lennox Bode. Gloves of the same shade as the gown and gold shoes are the glamorous accessories.



PRESIDENT of this year's Black and White Ball Committee, noted hostess Mrs. Marcel Dekyvere, photographed here at her home at Darling Point, Sydney.



SWISS EMBROIDERED ORGANZA in the latest shade of beige is chosen by Miss Madeline Archbutt, who is one of the younger set members of the ball committee.



Yes, Madam, this, above all others, is the car you'll want to own . . .

In the long, wide and low lines of Ford Customline there's a new and distinguished flair of modern styling. And with its Strato-Star 32.5 h.p. V8 engine, this Customline is powered to leave the past far behind . . . yet it has docility and gentleness which make it an easy delight to handle. Many things play their part . . . the perfect balance of the car; its safe, low centre of gravity; K-bar chassis with road-hugging stability; balanced-case steering; power-pivot foot controls; flick-of-finger gear change; weather-protected brakes; wide track for easy parking and turning.

Customline's interior pleases you as does a colour-harmonised, wide-spreading and beautifully furnished room. Superb, too, is the comfort of the new "Miracle Ride" for, in it, Ford has engineered into perfect balance every factor of riding comfort. These are but some of the reasons why, at £1425 plus tax, Customline is the big value among big cars. Your Ford Dealer will show you that fifty features combine to make this latest Ford V8 "worth-more" in every way.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY OF AUSTRALIA PTY. LTD.



The 50th Anniversary of the greatest name in motoring brings . . .

New **FORD V8** Customline

with 50 "worth-more" features including
new, sensational "Miracle Ride"



YOUR FORD DEALER invites you to VALUE-CHECK and TEST-DRIVE Ford Customline.



DRUMSTICK, gnawed triumphantly by Alison, was begged from her mother's plate at luncheon. Judith, laughing here about it, later demanded the drumstick, which subsequently became the disputed community property of all the Quads.



FARM TOUR by Jean Kent and her husband (holding Judith) with Percy Sara (holding Phillip). Mark (left) was interested but the sow's grunts terrified the other Quads.

Sara Quads' day with a movie star

From our London office

An 800-year-old rose-covered English farmhouse was the setting for the luncheon party given by film and stage star Jean Kent for the Sara Quads.

AT Jean's invitation to spend a day in the country, they motored with their parents and brother, Geoffrey, to Leavenhath, Suffol, where Jean and her charming husband, Yusuf Hurst, "live off the land."

Their 120-acre stud property, "Harrow Street Farm," is 70 miles from London.

Tumbling out of the car, the Quads whooped with delight the moment they arrived and saw the garden ablaze with flowers and velvety, green lawns where they could turn somersaults.

Geoffrey, aged 6½, introduced himself as "the boss." "Auntie Jean" was hugged and kissed by four little whirlwinds who then flew off in every direction exploring the

quaint oak-beamed farmhouse, trying out the swing seat in the garden, and meeting the chooks.

Phillip, who flirted outrageously with the hostess from the very first, decided to have a pre-lunch drink with her and expertly helped himself to orange juice from a side table in the living-room, not spilling a drop.

Judith and Alison fell for Jean's husband. "Nice man," they called him.

Yusef took their hands in his and set off with them to see the pigs, while Mark, the rugged individualist, concentrated on climbing gates.

The tour of the farmyard halted abruptly when Judith took a dim view of the sow with her litter of 12 pigs.

Phillip didn't like pigs, either, and smartly headed

back to the farmhouse, stopping before every cluster of flowers to bury his nose in the blooms, delightedly commenting, "Pretty, pretty."

Luncheon was an event. It was the first time the Quads had been formally entertained with adults at the table.

Betty and Percy Sara shot looks of parental concern at each other when Jean sat the Quads on either side of her at the top of the antique oak table spread with a sheer muslin cloth and fine glassware.

The arrival of rich onion soup in dainty white china bowls soon absorbed the Quads' attention.

They sipped the soup as carefully as the adults did.

Their manners were still exemplary when home-grown chicken with potatoes, beans, and salad—all also home-grown—were put before them.

But formality vanished and the party became an Elizabethan revel when the Quads discovered their parents had drumsticks on their plates and their little arms stretched out demandingly.

Phillip won't tolerate an open door anywhere.

Throughout the meal he had one eye on his plate and the other on the dining-room door.

He slid off the long oak stool to shut the door every time it was opened for traffic to the kitchen.

The meal ended with home-grown pears in chocolate sauce piled high with Jersey cream. Alison temperamentally demanded ice-cream, too.

After lunch the Quads were bedded down in a spare room to rest. But their idea of rest in the darkened room was a riot of jumping up and down on spring mattresses and playing chasings.

The sturdy oak beams of the ceiling in the room below creaked and groaned under the thud of their feet.

Later Betty and Percy had a hunt-the-slipper to find Mark's pants, which were eventually discovered well hidden by the foursome behind a writing-desk in the room where they had been "resting."

During afternoon tea the Quads pounced on the script of Jean's new play, "Uncertain Joy," based on the Danish proverb, "Children are certain sorrow and uncertain joy."

Jean skilfully substituted for it an old script which the Quads settled to, quickly transforming it into paper boats and caps, rollicking on the hearth rug and entertaining their host and hostess.

HOME TREATMENT FOR "YOUNG SKIN" TROUBLES

Now — you don't have to let nature rob you of a pretty skin just when you want it the most.

And it's so true. When a girl needs to look her prettiest, nature seems bent on spoiling her complexion. Skin that only yesterday was baby-soft, suddenly begins to develop over-active oil glands. And at the same time your skin seems to get sluggish about throwing off the everyday accumulation of dead skin cells. When these tiny, dead flakes build up into a layer over the pore openings — there's trouble ahead. Enlarged pores and even blackheads are on the way.

Today Pond's recommends this greaseless treatment for the four major problems of "young skin" — oiliness, sluggishness, enlarged pores and blackheads. It's quick. It's easy. And it works!

POND'S "Magic Minute Mask"

clears off . . .
tones . . .
brightens
"young
skin"



Cover face, except eyes, with a lavish "Magic Minute Mask" of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Leave on one minute. The Cream's "keratolytic" action loosens stubborn, dead skin cells — dissolves them off! Frees the tiny skin gland openings so they can function normally again. Now — after 60 seconds — tissue off. See how tingling-fresh your skin feels. How much smoother, clearer, it looks.

Give yourself a "Magic Minute Mask" with Pond's Vanishing Cream two or three times a week to help keep your skin at its loveliest. Pond's Vanishing Cream is available everywhere in jars and convenient tubes.

For the skin that rebels against a heavy make-up: Before powder, smooth on a greaseless film of Pond's Vanishing Cream for a smoother, fresher looking make-up.

PV24

"Surely some
antiseptics
are better than
others?"

"Of course there are differences. Yet it is not by mere chance that Dettol is used and recommended by almost every doctor in Australia."



DETTOL

The Modern Antiseptic

OBTAINABLE FROM ALL CHEMISTS

5617

Relieve Torture of BACKACHE

Are YOU tormented by backache, rheumatic pains? Doan's Backache Kidney Pills can bring you prompt relief. Rheumatic pains, headaches, puffiness under the eyes, disturbed nights, leg pains, are often a sign of sluggish kidneys failing to carry out their vital job of removing waste matter from the blood. So follow the lead of sufferers all over the world. At the first sign of kidney upset, get Doan's. Doan's should bring you swift, blessed relief, and set those lazy kidneys back to work again.

ASTHMA COUGHERS GIVE THANKS FOR LUCKY DISCOVERY

Thousands who coughed, sneezed, and gasped with Asthma and Bronchitis give thanks for Mendaço, the famous new American scientific medicine. It starts immediately to circulate through the blood, quickly curbing the attacks. The first day the thick phlegm is dissolved, giving free, easy breathing and letting you sleep the night through in comfort. Get Mendaço from your chemist or store to-day under money-back guarantee to stop Asthma coughing and give you free, easy breathing the first day.



GOODBYE KISS for host Yusuf Hurst from Judith is watched soberly by Phillip in the arms of Mrs. Hurst, actress Jean Kent.



HIGH SPIRITS of the Quads (from left, Phillip and Mark, Alison and Judith) are evident as they begin their afternoon "rest" in the guest room of Jean Kent's home.



A Good Choice of Material

When a sturdy cotton is needed, Cesarine—"the wonder cloth of a thousand uses"—will give you the greatest satisfaction. Long famed for its durable quality, it can be relied upon to stay fresh and crisp-looking throughout its long life of hard wear and lots of tubbing. It keeps its shape because it has been Cesarised-shrunk and all its colours are fast to boiling. For every use, from kiddies' rompers to attractive furnishings, no cotton will give you better wear than Cesarine. Ask for it at the Caesar Fabrics Section of your favourite store.



All-purpose
CESARINE SHIRTS
for Men and Boys

"Peerless" style for men.
"Ranger" style for boys
in all colours and white.
The famous **TOP DOG** brand
is your guarantee of cut
and workmanship.

Cesarine

FOR EVERYDAY WEAR

Crisp and fresh for business wear, sturdy and smart for shopping or those informal social activities. And the most sensible stay-at-home wear. So easy on the budget, too.



Cesarine

FOR CHILDREN'S WEAR

Tough, hard-playing youngsters are happy in Cesarine. Whether for toddlers' coigans, tunics, or ranger suits—or for shirts or shorts. Cesarine is the fabric that wears longest and best.



Cesarine

FOR UNIFORMS, OVERALLS

Office uniforms, nurses uniforms, receptionists, chemists, laboratory workers, factory operatives, hairdressers and beauty parlour assistants' overalls and smocks of Cesarine look smart, wear well and save £'s in dry-cleaning.



Cesarine

FOR SCHOOL WEAR

Through the whole range of school uniforms and sports wear, Cesarine gives the required cotton-crisp freshness. No matter what its colour it will never wash out, wear out or turn shabby. It stays dainty all the time.



Cesarine

FOR FURNISHINGS

For crisp, fresh looking and colourful Bedspreads, Curtains, Tablecloths, etc., Cesarine is the ideal washable material. A full range of attractive colours is available to harmonise with your favourite colour schemes.



CESARISED-SHRUNK

Cesarine

A CAESAR  FABRIC

A MILE OF VALUE IN EVERY YARD

Everest conqueror weds



FAMOUS MOUNTAINEER Sir Edmund Hillary and his bride, formerly Louise Mary Rose, leaving the Diocesan High School Chapel, Auckland, New Zealand, after their wedding. Sir Edmund, an Auckland beekeeper, was knighted for his conquest of Mt. Everest.



ARCH OF ICE AXES was held by members of the N.Z. Alpine Club as Sir Edmund and his bride left the chapel of the Diocesan High School, where Lady Hillary was formerly a pupil. She wore a gown of white nylon marquisette over gold satin and a white tulle veil.



BRIDESMAID Rosalie Goodyear and the bride arrive at the chapel. The bride is the daughter of the president of the N.Z. Alpine Club, Mr. J. H. Rose, and Mrs. Rose, of Remuera, Auckland.



ON HONEYMOON. Sir Edmund and Lady Hillary leaving Sydney by plane for England with George Lowe, who was best man at their wedding. He and Sir Edmund will make a lecture tour in Britain.

Keep your hands clean!



"BARRIER" CREAM

REGD. TRADE MARK
ANOTHER WONDERFUL FAULDING PRODUCT



At work—at home—anywhere, any time, rub in "BARRIER" CREAM before starting any dirty work. Afterwards, hands wash clean with soap and water... see how free from ingrained dirt your hands are, without harsh scrubbing. Stainless, non-greasy "BARRIER" CREAM keeps your hands smooth, clean and protected.



Always have

"BARRIER" CREAM is a non-greasy, non-sticky and invisible PROTECTIVE CREAM which prevents grease and dirt becoming ingrained—prevents skin irritation and roughness. Only "BARRIER" CREAM protects against dreaded dermatitis and skin infections too. "BARRIER" CREAM is another wonderful FAULDING Product.



"BARRIER" CREAM on hand!

● Rub it in until it disappears.

For Use in the Prevention and Treatment of Industrial Dermatitis and Skin Irritations



3 1/2 OZ. TUBE... 2/6
4 OZ. JAR... 3/-
AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

"If it's FAULDING'S — it's Pure!"

To make from

● The seven fashions presented here and the two designs on our cover were selected for variety and style. An accurate and easy-to-follow paper pattern with a step-by-step instruction chart is obtainable for each design. Detailed sketches of each dress are on page 34. Patterns may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Postal address: Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney.



2724.—One-piece afternoon dress in summer's favorite dress fabric—printed silk. The high-necked short-sleeved bodice-top is moulded to the figure. The skirt has grouped pleats. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 8 1-3yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.



2727.—Plain and contrast for a cool bare-top dress with its own collarless bolero. Bands of check and a matching tailored bow form the unusual trim. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material and 1 1/2yds. 36in. contrast. Price, 4/6.



2722.—Summery one-piece cut deep at the neckline with shoulder-line sleeves. Pockets and neckline are picked out in white. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 5 1-3yds. 36in. material and 1/2yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 3/6.



2719.—A versatile design (above) for a one-piece suit and a bodice-top accented with a white collar and matching fan pleat in centre-front of skirt. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material and 1/2yd. 36in. contrast, plus 2yds. 36in. material for skirt.

in a Pattern



2725. — Immaculate American-styled short-sleeved shirt - blouse (above) has matching baseball cap. The blouse is styled with cuffed sleeves and finished with a pocket. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 2 1/3 yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.



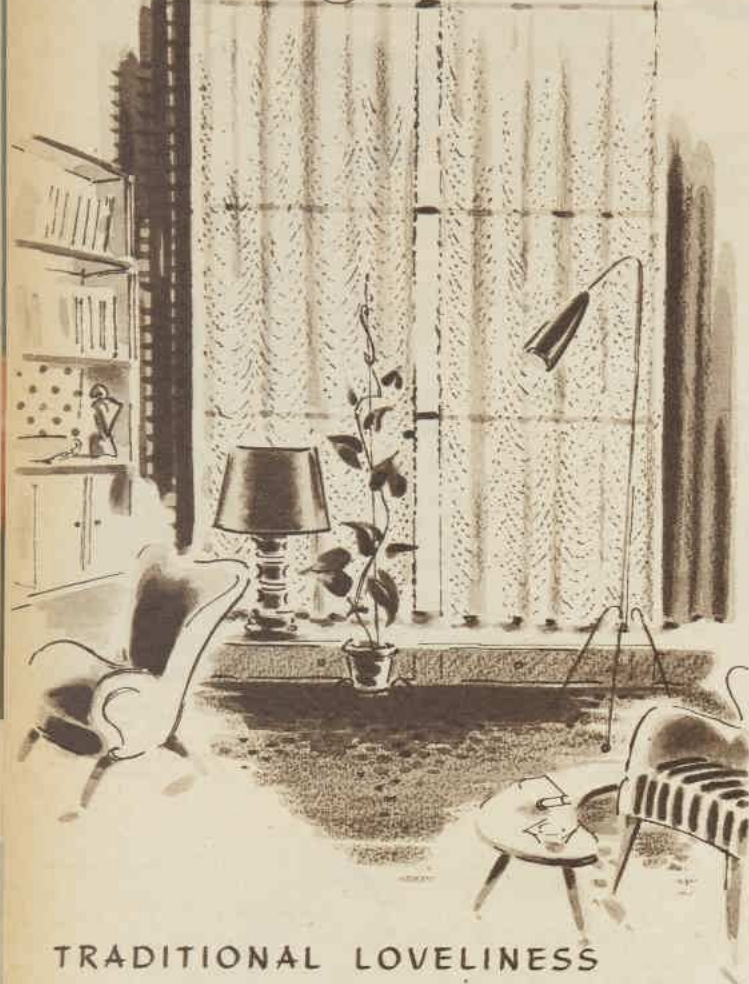
2723. — Figure-flattering button-up coat-dress designed with an interesting arrangement of stripes. The bodice has brief sleeves and a plunging V neckline. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4 yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.



2726. — Slim-line daytime dress (right) has a winged collar and narrow bodice yoke in contrast-textured material. The dress has above-elbow sleeves, is beltless, and moulds the figure. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 5 yds. 36in. material and 1 1/3 yds. 36in. contrast. Price, 3/6.

Flattering curves
ring cuffs. Note
Requires 5 yds.
ing. Price, 3/6.

Lace CURTAINS—



TRADITIONAL LOVELINESS IN A NEW SETTING

The grace and beauty of British Lace blends perfectly with the clean, simple lines of modern furniture. Your favourite store will show you the new-season designs that fit so well into to-day's ideas, yet proudly continue the famous traditions of Scottish Lace and Nottingham Lace.



Whatever your preference, soft, translucent Lace at your windows will add beauty both to the inward and outward appearance of your home.



ALL THE FAMOUS SCOTTISH LACES AND NOTTINGHAM LACES CARRY THIS EASILY-RECOGNISED SEAL—your guarantee of quality.

DRESS SENSE by Betty Keep

Typical of New York designs, the cotton dresses worn by our cover girls, and also shown at right, are easy to make at home.

BOTH dresses are cool enough to wear right through the summer and are of the type being widely accepted by fashion-conscious career girls.

There is a Dress Sense pattern for each design, priced at 3/6. Details for ordering are given in the caption under the illustration.

Further news of cotton fashions comes from Hubert de Givenchy's mid-season Paris showing. Givenchy's latest cottons are "snowy and starched."

One of his smartest models is a loose jacket made in white cotton pique. The jacket is finished by a sailor collar so long that it reaches below the waist at back.

Several little stoles of starched white cotton are given a new look by collar effects. The prettiest evening dress in the collection was white organdie, made with a full skirt and tiny waistline, accented by a front panel



2720.—Cotton dress with bow-tie neckline (left). Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 5 1-8th yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6. 2721.—A one-piece with a moulded bodice and sashed waist. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material and 1yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 3/6. Patterns may be obtained from Mrs. Betty Keep, Dress Sense, Box 4088, C.P.O., Sydney.

bound in white satin which began as a halter neckline.

From the same city, Jacques Heim's collection adds another chapter to the cotton story. The collection, mainly devoted to country and beachwear clothes, showed some chic and fresh ideas.

For instance, a pair of brief

black cotton shorts was embroidered with mimosa branches and a two-piece bikini was shown accompanied by a loose middy-blouse, designed with an up-standing collar. The bikini was in brown, the middy in white.

Rough-textured brown straw sandals completed ensemble.

STYLE DETAILS OF PATTERNS



These sketches show front and back views of the styles on our cover, and illustrated above, 2720 and 2721, and on pages 32 and 33, where the other seven styles are illustrated in color and fully described.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 16, 1953

Only beautiful

Beutron BUTTONS

match all the
new shades you'll be
wearing this Spring...



and you'll find them in this Self-Service Unit — on counters everywhere!

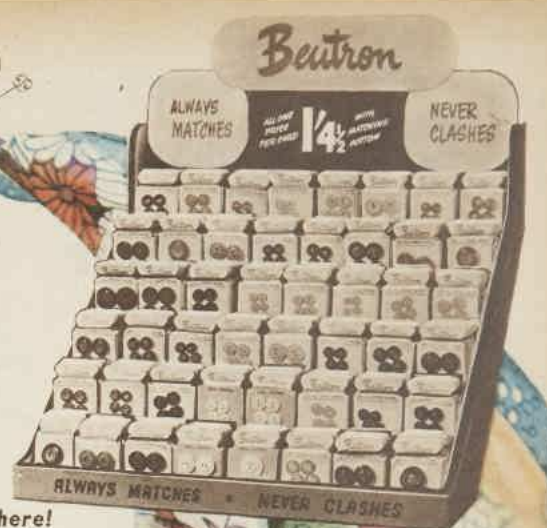
Beutron "Opal-Glo" buttons "pick up" any fabric color—light or dark — because they're made with a special iridescent finish that reflects all the colors of the rainbow! That's why Beutron buttons *always match* — never

clash—match florals or plain.

No waiting when you shop for Beutrons! You serve yourself—straight from this handy Self-Service Unit. It contains a range of 48 carded Beutrons in every popular size, color and style.

1'4½
with two yards
of matching cotton

HOT IRONS CAN'T HURT THEM! THEY LAUNDER BEAUTIFULLY!
YOUR DRY-CLEANER KNOWS THEY'RE GUARANTEED!



To be **GUARANTEED** boil-tested, Beutron whites must be on the **BLUE** card!

1'6 PER CARD
WITH TWO YARDS
OF WHITE COTTON

There are plenty of imitators trying to copy our success—but their buttons look cheap—after one wash—avoid them. Be sure you insist on Beutron!



BEAUTIFUL BEUTRONS are made by
G. HERRING (AUST.) PTY. LTD.
Dunning Avenue, Rosebery, N.S.W.

Beutron
makes the only
BOIL-TESTED
white buttons

They won't crack, discolor or lose their lustre, no matter how often they're boiled or dry-cleaned! They're *double guaranteed*! We boil-tested them in our factory, in every known soap powder — asked Lever Brothers to boil-test them, too. Your money back if these pure-white plastic beauties deteriorate in any way after boiling.



BOIL

Beutron
PEARL PRESS STUDS
clip on! clip off!

New idea! Pastel pearl buttons with a press-stud back! Here's how they work — you just sew the underneath part of the press-stud to your sweater or frock and clip the button in. Clip it off only when the garment's laundered or dry-cleaned!



**Don't put a
cold in your
pocket...**



use → KLEENEX
the disposable tissue



KLEENEX for Children's Tender Noses

Don't let your children carry germ-laden handkerchiefs. Send them to school with downy-soft Kleenex. Save yourself washing school-grimed hankies.



Keep KLEENEX in your Office Drawer

Don't shudder each time you take your flu-used handkerchief out of your pocket or handbag. Use Kleenex tissues and throw your cold away.



KLEENEX for Baby Colds

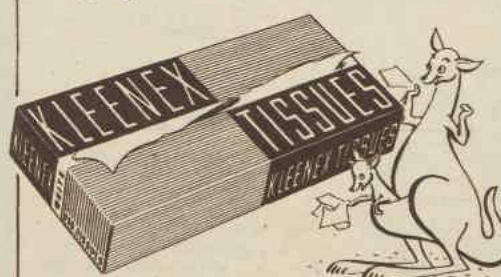
So much softer for baby's nose. Use Kleenex for baby's bibs. Use Kleenex after removing nappy. Kleenex cuts down baby's laundry.

Handkerchiefs are germ carriers when you have a cold. They're messy to use, messy to wash. But with Kleenex tissues you don't have to put a sodden handkerchief back into your pocket—you throw hygienic Kleenex away.



You can Deep-sneeze into Kleenex

Kleenex tissues are strong — no blow is too big. Hankies irritate raw noses — soft, absorbent Kleenex tissues soothe them.



KLEENEX
—available everywhere

MADE BY AUSTRALIAN CELLUCOTTON PRODUCTS PTY. LTD.

Continuing

The Girl at Table Six

from page 3

tell you more about a person than clothes do."

"You think so?"
"Yes, indeed, Mr. Correy. Clothes may be bought across a counter."

He looked at me sharply. Then he said, "You're a shrewd observer, Sebastian. You're wasted in a place like this."

"Thank you, sir. I'm happy here, however."

"You should be in something like labor relations. Your type of ability can command a handsome salary."

"That's kind of you, Mr. Correy. But I believe I may do quite well here, at Kell's."

He shrugged.
There had been so much talk about the young lady that my curiosity was aroused. So I stopped at her table and asked if her steak was satisfactory.

"Of course. It's finished beef, well hung, and cut from a Black Angus loin."

"May I ask how you know it is Angus steer beef?"

"The size and shape, naturally."

I was called away, and she left before I was free again. I found out what I could from Gregory, her waiter.

The next day Mr. Correy and Mr. Bolton summoned me to their table at once. "Well, Sebastian," Mr. Correy asked. "What information have you about our favorite steak eater?"

"Gregory said she spoke of her meal as 'dinner.'"

"Why should she call lunch dinner?"

"It might be because it is her heavy meal at the end of her working day."

"You mean she works somewhere?"

"I'm sure of it, sir. Probably on a night shift."

Mr. Bolton laughed. "What is she? A burglar, or a night watchman?"

"Well, sir," I told him. "Gregory said she tipped exactly twelve and one-half per cent. She worked it out in a second, after just a glance at her check. That might mean she is a cashier or bookkeeper. Probably in some place that does its business from four a.m. to one p.m."

Mr. Bolton coughed. "If she's only a cashier and eating at Kell's someone should find out who she is and notify the police."

At two-thirty, when there was no sign of the young lady, I took my afternoon break. I changed to a grey suit, since I never wear the midnight-blue serge except when I am working. I went to the Martinique.

As I handed my hat to the cheek girl an amused voice said, "This looks like mutiny!" It was the young lady, who had ordered steak the day before. She was just behind me.

"Good afternoon, madam," I bowed. "It's not really treason," I explained. "Actually, I'm here spying for Kell's."

"How exciting! Do they suspect you?"

"I imagine so. Whenever I seat another restaurant man I take it for granted he's scouting us . . . Do you eat here often?"

"Yes. I went to Kell's to celebrate a rise."

"Congratulations." Since he saw us talking, the waiter assumed we were together. "This way, please."

Quickly I said, "May I ask you to have lunch with me?"

"I'd love to," she replied. I said I had come to try the Pelotas a la Portugese, because their chef had a trick with the sauce which interested me.

She said she would try the Pelotas a la Portugese, too. I discovered that she had a sensitive palate, for she detected the powdered coriander seeds. There was some other taste,

however, an ingredient which perplexed us both.

A gentleman passed our table, hesitated, and then went on. "He knows me," I said. "But he doesn't know he knows me."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"It's a demonstration of the old proverb that no one ever looks at a waiter's face. When he sees me in a blue suit in Kell's, he always says, 'Good afternoon, Sebastian.' When I'm in a grey suit in another restaurant, he can't place me."

"Do you know him?"

"Yes, he is Mr. Harry Gardiner. He likes a cocktail before dinner. His wife likes sherry. She's his second wife."

The young lady stared. "Can you give a biography like that of many customers?"

"When I started at Kell's," I replied, "our manager told me that, until I knew fifteen hundred faces, plus the names that went with each face, in addition to the favorite drinks that belonged to each name, I would not be earning what Kell's was paying me."

"How do you do it?"

"It's simple if you're interested in men and women and good food," I replied.

The next afternoon, which was Wednesday, the young lady returned to Kell's. After she glanced at the menu she asked: "Should I try the Beef Toreador, or would it fight back at me?"

That type of question requires a tactful reply.

"Let me put it this way," I told her. "Our minute steak is very good today. Personally, the thing I like best about Beef Toreador is the soup which will be on our card tomorrow." I explained that the unsold portions would be put in a kettle to simmer all night, and serve as a stock for a rich peasant soup the following day.

"Our master chef likes a potage. I suspect that is why he insists upon listing Beef Toreador so frequently."

"Why is he allowed to get away with it?"

I smiled. "If one has an Albert in the kitchen, one does not quarrel over his minor peculiarities."

"We have a foreman like that," she said. "I believe your job is as interesting as mine."

I wanted to ask what her business might be, but I was afraid it would sound as if I were spying.

On Thursday, Mr. Bolton kept reminding Mr. Correy that he was making no progress towards winning the bet.

Much to Mr. Correy's relief, the young lady came in earlier than before on Friday afternoon. I seated her. She was giving Gregory her order, with Mr. Correy and Mr. Bolton watching, when our manager came through the dining-room.

Mr. Hanlon does our buying. Ordinarily, he is through for the day before we open. But on this day he had accounting trouble.

Halfway across the room, Mr. Hanlon noticed the young lady. He went to her table, shook hands, and then disappeared into the bar. He returned with two glasses of our best sherry. He sat down and raised his glass to her health, a most unusual procedure.

Mr. Correy lost no time in going to the table. Mr. Bolton followed closely behind him.

"Hanlon," said Mr. Correy, turning on his charm, "seeing you is always a bit of rare good fortune. And today you are the really indispensable man. You can present us to

To page 39

Fashion PATTERNS

Pattern for beginners
F2742.—Beginners' pattern for a sleeveless boxy jacket. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 1½yds. 36in. material. Special price, 2/-.



F2739.—Sleeveless one-piece with a pretty bodice drape and flared skirt. Sizes 30in. to 36in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.

F2740.—Slim-line daytime dress. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.

F2741.—Cool sleeveless summer dress and matching boxy jacket. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material for dress and 2½yds. 36in. material for jacket. Price, complete, 4/6.

F2743.—Softly styled button-up coat-dress. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.

F2744.—Braid-trimmed blouse and separate skirt. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust for blouse, and 26in. to 32in. waist for skirt. Requires 1½yds. 36in. material and 1½yds. contrast bias binding, plus 7½yds. rick-rack braid for blouse; 4yds. 36in. material for skirt. Price, 3/6.



F2744

FASHION PATTERNS and Needlework Notices may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 445 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4866, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 44-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 466, G.P.O., Auckland.

F2741

F2742

F2743



F2740



NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

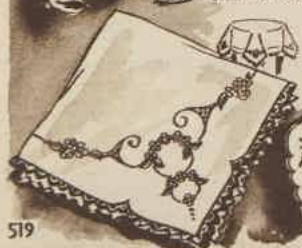
NO. 518—D'ORLÈYS
Three attractive d'orlèys obtainable clearly traced ready to embroider. The material is sheer linen in white, cream, pastel blue, lemon, pink, and green. An alternative choice is organdie in lemon, blue, pink, and green. Size 8in. x 8in. Price, linen, 1/8 each, or set of three, 4/3. Postage, 4d. extra; organdie, 10d. each, or set of three, 2/3. Postage, 6d. extra.

NO. 519—SUPER CLOTH
The cloth is clearly traced, ready to embroider in an unusual and pretty design, with serviettes to match. The material is sheer Irish linen in white, cream, blue, lemon, pink, and green. Sizes cloth 36in. x 36in., serviettes each 11in. x 11in. Price, cloth, 2/6. Postage and registration, 1/9 extra. Serviettes, 1/4 each. Postage, 4d. extra.

NO. 520—CHILD'S OVERALL SUIT
The overalls and matching jacket are obtainable cut out ready to make with an easy-to-follow instruction chart. The material is striped summer-brocade, obtainable in red, blue, brown, green, and pink, all printed on a white ground. Sizes 18in. length for 2 years, 15/9, postage and registration, 1/3 extra; 19in. length for 3 years, 16/3, postage and registration, 1/3 extra; 20in. length for 4 years, 16/9, postage and registration, 1/3 extra; 22in. length for 5-6 years, 17/3, postage and registration, 1/3 extra.

NO. 521—AFTERNOON DRESS
One-piece dress accented with a white collar and cuffs is obtainable cut out ready to make with an easy-to-follow instruction chart. The material is a printed summer-brocade. The color choice includes blue, black and white, lemon, black and white, pastel green, black and white, and mauve, black and white. Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 28/6 36in. and 38in. bust, 35/9. Postage and registration, 2/6 extra.

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 4/11 sent by registered post.



519

521



MS5/2

SUNDOUR

FINE FURNISHING FABRICS

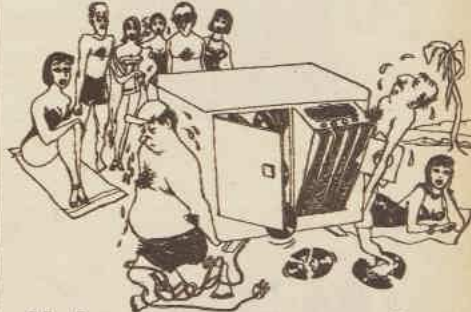
DIFFERENT PEOPLE, different needs, differing tastes. As in other fields so in furnishing. But, whether you're thinking of curtains or covers . . . for large rooms or small . . . in Sundour's restrained or brilliant colours—you can be certain of finding the fabric of your dreams. There's a whole world to choose from—princely brocades, rich velvets, dainty marisettes or the sunniest prints. And at prices to suit every purse.

They'll keep their first-day freshness, too—for they are guaranteed against fading. Every one of them. These lovely fabrics are at good stores everywhere.

All Sundour fabrics are guaranteed against fading—most of them for the whole of their life.

MORTON SUNDOUR FABRICS LIMITED, CARLISLE, ENGLAND

Want music wherever you go?



Make sure your second radio's a portable—

and take your entertainment everywhere—indoors, outdoors—all year round. Life's more fun with a portable powered with



EVEREADY
PORTABLE
RADIO BATTERIES

The one brand recommended by every leading manufacturer of portable radios, because this mighty midget packs far more power and lasts longer, too.

"Eveready" is the registered trade mark of Eveready (Australia) Pty. Ltd., Rosebery, N.S.W. MS5-2

whatever your fashion
choice Michel will
be your lipstick . . .



... with ten lovely, fashion-right shades

in key with the new spring colours.

If your wardrobe calls for dramatic colour

contrasts, or for quieter, more subtle

blending, there is a Michel lipstick

to complete your fashion picture.

Michel

lipstick offers you day-long loveliness

because the exclusive formula contains

an indelible base especially made to

"stay on longer." Michel will not smear or lose its shape,

and on the hottest summer day Michel's

protective base keeps your lips satin-soft and always alluring.

Michel is the firmer lipstick that *"stays on longer"*



Popular
Michel
lipstick



Luxury
Michel D'or
in glamorous
gold case

- * 10 fashion-right colours.
- * Stays on longer.
- * Never smears, runs or loses its shape.
- * Protects your lips, keeps them satin-soft.

this young lady whom we have been admiring from afar."

Mr. Hanlon's eyes twinkled behind his spectacles as he asked: "Jane, my dear, have you any objection to meeting these gentlemen?"

"Why, no, Mr. Hanlon." "Very well then, Miss Piatt, may I present Mr. Charles Correy and Mr. Henry Bolton?"

Later, when the three had left her table, Miss Piatt looked towards me. "Who's Mr. Correy?" she asked.

"Well, in a word, he's the debutantes' blue plate special," I replied.

A few minutes later a terrific rainstorm started. I went to Miss Piatt's table. "What transportation have you?" I asked.

"The bus two blocks away."

"I have an umbrella which I can lend you," I suggested. "And I can let you out our delivery entrance, and save you a half-block of walking."

I conducted her through our kitchen and into the corridor. There we were forced to wait, when our butcher came from the cold room, carrying a hind quarter of beef.

The beef had, of course, been well hung. It was therefore discolored and showed some mould. To an ordinary person, the hind would have seemed most unappetising, until it had been trimmed and wiped with a vinegar cloth.

"Oh!" exclaimed Miss Piatt. "Doesn't that look good!"

Surprised at hearing a woman's voice, the butcher shifted the quarter of beef so he could see who had spoken. "Hello, Jane!" he boomed. "I didn't know you ate here."

"Haven't you heard? I've been promoted. I'm office manager at the United Provision Company now." United is the largest of the houses in the produce market. Miss Piatt turned to me: "When Eddie worked on the early shift at the beef house, we travelled together on the three o'clock bus every morning."

The butcher grinned. "That's the bus that carries drunks, cops, sneak thieves, and Jane." He nodded good-bye and went on towards the cutting-room.

When we reached the rear door, Miss Piatt hesitated. "I tried Crepes Suzette last evening. No luck. I watched you closely the day I ordered them. I thought I did exactly what you did. But mine weren't the same."

"You didn't see the crucial step. The Suzette butter is always blended in the kitchen."

"Oh. How do you do that?" "It would be easier to show you than to tell you."

"Would you show me?" "Any Sunday."

Fortunately, her day off was the same as mine. "Next Sunday, about one?"

"It will be a pleasure," I said.

Miss Piatt had a flat on the top floor of what had once been a handsome residence. When she admitted me, she joked about the size and arrangement of her rooms.

"My kitchen is larger than the other two put together," she said. "I haven't moved, because the newer places have kitchenettes. You can't cook a decent meal in a converted clothes cupboard."

"You're right," I agreed. "The kitchen should be the soul of the house."

We had an excellent meal and fascinating conversation. Miss Piatt knew the wholesale food business thoroughly. She gave me some valuable hints about the storage of winter fruits. To my surprise she seemed interested in my experiences during the four years I was in the Army. It was one of the most delightful Sundays of my life.

The time limit on the wager between Mr. Correy and Mr. Bolton expired at 2.55 on Monday afternoon. It was 2.35 when I seated Miss Piatt. Except when they were introduced Mr. Correy had not spoken to her. Mr. Bolton was boasting that he had won.

"There's plenty of time, Henry," said Mr. Correy confidently. "I have a whole quarter of an hour yet."

"Come, Charles, admit you failed and pay up."

Continuing . . . The Girl at Table Six

from page 36

"Don't rush me. Give the girl a chance to order."

"What are you going to say to her?" demanded the other.

"I have a secret method of approach which never fails," replied Mr. Correy. "It's copy-righted. Will Sebastian's word that I've dated her satisfy you, for the purpose of this wager?"

Mr. Bolton nodded.

"Then, Sebastian, kindly cross the room and engage Miss Piatt in conversation, because I wish to sparkle in contrast."

"Very good, Mr. Correy," I said. It seemed to me that he was somewhat overconfident. I had detected a certain rigidity of character in the young lady. She was no starry-eyed debutante who would twitter with joy at Mr. Correy's approach.

I sauntered to Miss Piatt's table and began talking casually, now and then glancing at my watch. It was 2.51 when Mr. Correy rose and walked confidently towards us.

"Hello, Miss Piatt," he said. "Have you a kind heart?"

"That depends."

"I'm sure you wouldn't like to see me lose a bet, would you, Miss Piatt?"

"Oh, certainly not."

"Well, unless you have lunch with me, I will lose a substantial sum to Mr. Bolton."

"I would hate to cause you any financial loss."

"How about lunch here tomorrow about two-thirty?"

"Unfortunately, tomorrow I have an engagement."

"Day after?"

"All right. Thank you."

Mr. Correy turned to me: "Sebastian, you heard the lady. On Wednesday you must hold a table for us and see what can be done in the form of food and drink. Let it be festive, with everything of the choicest."

After the gentlemen left, Miss Piatt said, "He's a lot of fun, isn't he? He throws words around like rice at a wedding."

Knowing Miss Piatt's tastes, I was able to arrange a luncheon on Wednesday which

pleased her very much. They had a clear green turtle soup with Madeira, roast duck with orange sauce and potato puffs, followed by a baba au rhum. Each item was something which she had questioned me about.

"You have a memory like a police file," she told me before she left. "Thanks."

The next day, when Mr. Correy joined Mr. Bolton at their regular table, the younger man took an obvious satisfaction in teasing his companion. "How can I thank you, Henry, for that delicious meal?"

Mr. Bolton flushed angrily. "Well, you met her. You dated her and I paid up. Why not forget the whole thing?"

"Why not let me decide that?" asked Mr. Correy. "She's different. I'm going to see more of her."

Miss Piatt told me that he took her to a cocktail dance at the Hanging Rock. "I'd been there once before. But that time I went to the delivery entrance, to straighten out their account. It was after their steward went over the bill with all their cash."

"How is the front entrance?"

"Not bad, Sebastian."

One afternoon she phoned me just as I was changing suits to take my break between lunch and dinner. "Can you come to my place? Straight away?" she asked.

"Is something wrong, Miss Piatt?"

"No. Something's right. I've solved the secret of the Martinique's Pelota sauce. I want you to taste it, too."

I hurried to her flat, and she was absolutely right. "You have done a brilliant piece of work in taste detection," I said.

"It's only a pinch of curry powder. It came to me when Charles Correy ordered curry with rice for us, the other day."

Then she changed the subject: "Do you like night clubs?"

"I loathe them."

"So do I. He took me to the

Bali Room at the hotel on Saturday evening. We were packed in there like bulk citrus fruit in the bottom of a refrigerator car."

"I know. I wouldn't have a place like that."

"And that wasn't the worst of it," she continued. "All his friends asked me, 'Whom are you visiting?' When I said I lived here, but worked at night, they changed the subject, as if I'd said something indecent."

Most of Mr. Correy's friends are people I know, and I could appreciate how they would react to Miss Piatt's statement. "How was the food at the Bali Room?"

"It would have been good if I'd had a chance to eat it. But every time something was served I had to get up and dance. When I said I was hungry, Charles laughed, and he said, 'I thought you knew. We all eat before we come. We don't expect a meal. Just push the stuff around on your plate.'"

She was highly indignant. "Sebastian, I think that's so wasteful that it's wicked."

"I agree with you."

For two or three weeks, I only saw Miss Piatt when she had lunch, irregularly, at Kell's. Then, shortly before noon on a Sunday morning, my phone rang.

"Sebastian," her voice said, "why haven't I heard from you?"

"I knew you were busy, Miss Piatt. I did not want to inconvenience you."

"You don't know how to inconvenience anybody," she replied quickly. "I could give you some lessons in that. Listen: Are you letting Charles Correy drive you away?"

"Certainly not, Miss Piatt."

"Then why don't you come over to breakfast?"

"Thank you, but . . ."

"Please. I want to tell you something."

As she opened the door she said, "Sebastian, what would you say if I told you that I liked you better than anyone I ever met?"

"I'd be flattered if not entirely convinced. You know so many very attractive men. Mr. Correy, for example."

She closed the door and put her back against it. "The Correy episode is over," she declared. "I turned him down."

"You what?"

"He asked me to marry him and I refused."

"But why?"

"Because I hate him. He's selfish and conceited. His ego is wrapped around him like the meringue around the ice cream in a Baked Alaska."

"That's not entirely fair, Miss Piatt," I said. "Mr. Correy can be charming."

"And doesn't he know it? And doesn't he depend on it? Let me tell you what he did to me. He woke me up at midnight on Friday night. I had to get up at two-thirty to go to work, which that fool knew perfectly well. But he rang my doorbell until I got up and dressed and let him in. And all he wanted was to tell me that he'd like to marry me."

"You can't blame a man for that," I said.

"Thank heavens, you take that view of it. I told Charles Correy that the slipper didn't fit and I'm no Cinderella. My father was a boss at United Provision, and my mother was a pastrycook. I'd like to marry a headwaiter. So, if you have no objection, I wish you'd call me Jane and kiss me."

"Certainly. Why, certainly—I mean, Jane."

Our first kiss was wonderful. We did even better after a little practice.

Jane had planned everything. "Don't you worry, darling," she said. "Especially about money. I'd like to keep on working until we have a little ahead."

"That won't be necessary," I replied. "I have some ahead. Quite a sum, in fact. According to my grandfather's will, the trustees will continue to manage the estate until my thirtieth birthday, next April. I've been trying to learn the business from the inside. Actually, I have owned Kell's since I was four years old."

(Copyright)

Stand out in . . .

MOYGASHEL!

Rayon Fabrics

There is a Moygashel fabric for every purpose . . . for formal or leisure wear. Choose beautiful, crease-resistant 'Moygashel' in light, medium and heavy weights. On all occasions you "stand out" in these superb linens and rayons.

MOYGASHEL
PURE LINENS - SPUN RAYONS

"Moygashel" is the registered brand name of fabrics manufactured by:

STEVENS & SON LTD., 20th Regent Street, London, W.1, and Dungannon, N. Ireland.
AUSTRALIAN REPRESENTATIVES: H. W. Bavan Textiles Pty. Ltd., Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, Brisbane.

GUARANTEE: The quality of fabrics branded "Moygashel" registered on the label is guaranteed. If defective the material will be replaced and the cost incurred in making up will be refunded by Stevens & Son Ltd.



Olivier an outlaw in new film



LUCY LOCKIT (Daphne Anderson), the gooler's buxom daughter, is outlaw Macheath's girl-friend. But Lucy loses him to Polly Peachum. Of the two girls he sings "How happy I could be with either, were 'tother dear charmer away."



POLLY PEACHUM (Dorothy Tutin), above, the gentle girl Macheath marries and returns to after his adventuring round London. The technicolor film is based on John Gay's satirical opera.



LADIES OF THE TOWN, left, capture Captain Macheath. Cavorting with his feminine admirers the highwayman is playfully blindfolded, then the constables come, and he is taken to Newgate Gaol. He manages to escape.

PLAYERS

Hugh Griffith . . . The Beggar
 Laurence Olivier . . . Captain Macheath
 Dorothy Tutin . . . Polly Peachum
 George Devine . . . Peachum
 Mary Clare . . . Mrs. Peachum
 Athene Seyler . . . Mrs. Trapes
 Stanley Holloway . . . Lockit
 Daphne Anderson . . . Lucy Lockit
 Yvonne Furneaux . . . Jenny Diver
 Margot Grahame . . . The Actress

● The escapades of outlaw Captain Macheath (played by Laurence Olivier, who sings for the first time on film) monopolise the screen in "The Beggar's Opera." With lavish decor, plenty of action, and traditional music, the film captures the sentimental but sordid atmosphere of 18th-century London.



MR. PEACHUM (George Devine), left, talks with a nobleman (Ernest Thesiger) about a stolen watch while Filch (Ernest Pryor) steals the caller's shoe-buckle.



ATHENE SEYLER, distinguished English character actress, plays Mrs. Trapes in "The Beggar's Opera." Mrs. Trapes is a worldly old campaigner who runs a gaming house.



LAURENCE OLIVIER as resourceful Captain Macheath, the highwayman hero of "The Beggar's Opera," the film which he co-produced with veteran showman Herbert Wilcox. Besides permitting him to air an agreeable baritone voice, this unusual role gives Olivier a chance to make love to pretty wenches.

No dust bag to empty!



With attachments including Spray Gun £34/13/- or easy weekly payments

WITH THE HOOVER CYLINDER CLEANER

Costs less than other cylinder cleaners
... yet offers far more!

Now here's something special! The most versatile vacuum cleaner ever... it cleans, polishes, dusts... does floors, walls, curtains and upholstery! It's light to handle (extension tubes made of the lightest duralumin), easy to manoeuvre in any direction. Better still, it's so hygienic to empty—your hands need never touch dirt. Best of all, it's a Hoover, makers of the world's best cleaner!

How the HOOVER Cylinder Cleaner gives you more for less money

- * Your hands never touch dirt. Simply touch the trigger with your toe to empty.
- * More cleaning power. Powerful suction swoops up dust and fluff... avoids scrubbing back and forth.
- * Light—easy to use. Glides on steel runners... swings effortlessly in any direction.
- * Cleans upholstery—curtains, walls, linos, polished floors and shelves, etc.
- * Easy to store—ideal for small homes or flats.

AND ONE FOR DAD

Dad can attach his Hoover spray gun to the Cylinder Cleaner and do painting jobs quickly and easily. A boon to the handy man!



HC.14.WW1-G2

Talking of Films

★★★ Moulin Rouge

WITH dignity and reserve "Moulin Rouge" (Independent Films) deals with the tragedy of the life of the crippled painter, Henri Toulouse-Lautrec. Jose Ferrer is superb in the role of Toulouse-Lautrec.

Embittered by his deformity, Toulouse-Lautrec leaves home to paint in Paris. There he falls in love with a lady of the town, played with brutal gusto by ballerina Colette Marchand.

When another woman (Suzanne Flon) comes to love him truly, the artist is unable to believe in her affection.

Driven by frustrated emotions, Lautrec takes to drink and dies as visions of Moulin Rouge personalities pass before his eyes.

Excellent technicolor, in which the film is photographed, has an attractive, smoky quality. Sequences built around the Moulin Rouge and the Moulin de la Galette successfully capture the atmosphere of Paris of the 90's through clever use of Lautrec's spectacular posters and paintings—J.B.

In Sydney—Regent and Esquire.

★★ Let's Do It Again

COLUMBIA'S lavish Technicolor musical "Let's Do It Again" is a superficial affair which the players make pleasantly entertaining.

They are Jane Wyman (who wears a stunning collection of gowns designed by Jean Louis), Ray Milland, Aldo Ray, and dependable feature players.

On the musical side there are several songs which are adequate but not memorable, and the specialised dancing of newcomer Valerie Bettis, who also plays a small role. Miss Bettis is talented enough but photographs poorly.

The threadbare story concentrates on the domestic crack-up of successful writer of hit musicals Milland and his ex-actress wife, Jane Wyman.

Jane decides to make her husband jealous in order to cure him of the odd quirk of going off on musical binges when he is supposed to be somewhere else.

The scheme backfires, divorce looms, and there are some sprightly, trite scenes before the inevitable reconciliation takes place between husband and wife.

In Sydney—State.

CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CAPITOL.—★ "Jack London," action drama, starring Susan Hayward, Michael O'Shea. Plus "Fear in the Night," suspense drama, starring DeForest Kelley, Paul Kelly, Ann Dorann. (Both re-releases.)

CENTURY.—★ "Hans Christian Andersen," technicolor musical fantasy, starring Danny Kaye, Jeanmaire, Farley Granger. Plus featurettes.

CIVIC.—★ "Niagara," technicolor drama, starring Marilyn Monroe, Joseph Cotten, Jean Peters. Plus ★ "It Beats the Band," technicolor musical, starring Cliff Webb, Debra Paget, Robert Wagner. (Both re-releases.)

ESQUIRE and REGENT.—★★★ "Moulin Rouge," technicolor drama, starring Jose Ferrer, Colette Marchand. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

LIBERTY.—★★ "The Story of Three Loves," technicolor romantic drama, starring Kirk Douglas, Pier Angeli, Leslie Caron, James Mason. Plus featurettes.

LYRIC.—★★★ "Come Back, Little Sheba," drama, starring Shirley Booth, Burt Lancaster, Terry Moore. Plus ★ "Two Dollar Betor," gambling drama, starring John Liel. (Both re-releases.)

PALACE.—★★★ "Call Me Madam," technicolor musical, starring Ethel Merman, George Sanders, Donald O'Connor, Vera-Ellen. (Re-release.) Plus featurettes.

PRINCE EDWARD.—★★ "Military Policemen," comedy, starring Bob Hope, Mickey Rooney, Marilyn Maxwell. Plus "The Gambler and the Lady," mystery drama, starring Dane Clark, Kathleen Byron.

SAVOY.—★★ "The Seven Deadly Sins," French-language omnibus film, starring Viviane Romance, Isa Miranda, Gerard Philipe, Francois Rosay.

STATE.—★★ "Let's Do It Again," technicolor musical comedy, starring Jane Wyman, Ray Milland, Aldo Ray. (See review this page.) Plus ★ "Invasion U.S.A.," war drama, starring Peggy Castle, Gerald Mohr.

ST. JAMES.—★★ "The Great Waltz," musical drama, starring Fernand Gravet, Luise Rainer, Miliza Korjus. (Re-release.) Plus featurettes.

VARIETY.—★ "The Ninth Commandment," Italian-language drama, starring Eleanora Rossi Drago, Amedeo Nazzari. Plus ★ "My Friend Irma," comedy, starring Marie Wilson, Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis. (Re-release.)

Films not yet reviewed

EMBASSY.—"The Gift Horse," naval drama, starring Richard Attenborough, Trevor Howard. Plus featurettes.

LYCEUM.—"Prince of Pirates," technicolor adventure, starring John Derek, Barbara Rush. Plus "The Glass Wall," semi-documentary drama, starring Vittorio Gassman, Gloria Grahame.

MAYFAIR and PARK.—"Angel Face," drama, starring Jean Simmons, Robert Mitchum. Plus "Alimony," drama, starring Martha Vickers, John Beale.

PLAZA.—"Springfield Rifle," Warnercolor adventure, starring Gary Cooper, Phyllis Thaxter, David Brian. Plus "The Last Page," drama, starring George Brent, Marguerite Chapman, Diana Dors.

VICTORY.—"Stalag 17," war comedy, starring William Holden, Don Taylor. Plus "Breakdown," boxing drama, starring William Bishop, Ann Richards.

"Children gladly tell you when they need



CHOCOLATE

LAXETTES



No tears, no struggles, no "dodging" when Laxettes are the family medicine for Constipation, Upset Tum-mies, Biliousness, Sick Headaches. Laxettes taste as delicious as any fine quality chocolate. Children take them happily—and that's very much better for them, and for Mother, too.

It's simple to regulate the dosage

Each chocolate square contains a measured dose of phenolphthalein, the wonderful, tasteless laxative that gives easy relief overnight. Give one third or half square to infants, and increase the amount as directed for older children and adults. Not constipating, nor habit-forming, Laxettes are the ideal laxative for the whole family.

"TAKE A LAXETTE AT NIGHT IN THE MORNING YOU'RE RIGHT"

2/6
EVERYWHERE
FOR 18 FULL-DOSE
TABLETS



You can rely on
NUGGET

Because...

- IT OUTSHINES ALL OTHERS
- NUGGET BLACK IS BLACKER
- IT SHINES SO QUICKLY—SAVES TIME
- THE NEW DARK TAN IS RICHER
- NUGGET TINS REALLY OPEN WITH A TWIST



★ The world's largest selling shoe polish



NP 53-4

Carlospun TEBILIZED*

A guaranteed *Ferguson Fabric*



What if Ferguson Fabrics are a little hard to get? They're still the loveliest fabrics the world can produce... and well worth searching for in the dress goods department of your favourite store. Keep a weather eye open, too, for some of the newer types of Ferguson Fabrics that are trickling in... fabrics such as Ferguson Shantulle or Ferguson's exquisitely lovely nylon piques and ninons. All guaranteed, of course, with satisfaction assured or material replaced...

* The word TEBILIZED is the trade name for a new process that makes FERGUSON CARLOSPUN both shrink resistant and crease resistant. This means that your new frock retains its crisp "new look" ever so much longer.

FERGUSON BROTHERS LTD., CARLISLE, ENGLAND. Manufacturers of Textiles since 1824.

KRAFT announces big CHEESE RECIPE CONTEST! £1,450 in CASH PRIZES —for your best recipe using KRAFT CHEDDAR



Here's your chance to win really big money — £1,000 in cash! The contest is open to everyone who can cook. There are no special conditions except that your recipe must feature Kraft Cheddar. No entry fee is needed. Simply send in your recipe ideas for one or both of these two sections. Your grocer will give you your

simple entry form which sets out all the information you will need to win that £1,000! See him today — or ask him to include the free entry form in your grocery order. If your grocer has no entry forms, then simply write to "Kraft Recipe Contest", Box 1673N, P.O. Box, Melbourne, Vic., and a form will be sent to you.

SECTION 1.

FIRST PRIZE

£1,000 CASH!

£1,000 cash will be awarded for the best Main Course Dish featuring the use of Kraft Cheddar as the basic ingredient. This must be a suitable meal for a family of four. The recipe for this dish may introduce any other foods in combination with Kraft Cheddar.

Entries in this section will be judged on the merit of such points as flavour, economy and nourishment. Every entrant has an equal opportunity of winning £1,000 for this best Kraft Cheddar Main Course Dish.



SECOND PRIZE (of Section 1)

£200 CASH!

A big second prize of £200 will be awarded in this section for a Main Course Dish featuring Kraft Cheddar.

Plus 15 Consolation Prizes of £5 each!

There will be a total of £75 in Consolation Prizes in this section. Fifteen Consolation Prizes of £5 for outstanding Main Course Dishes featuring the use of Kraft Cheddar.

SECTION 2.

FIRST PRIZE

£150 CASH!

Best other use of Kraft Cheddar in any type of recipe (excluding Section 1). This section may include recipes for scones, cakes, tarts, straws, biscuits, desserts, soups, appetizers — or any other use you have found for Kraft Cheddar.

Plus 5 Consolation Prizes of £5 each!

In this section there is a total of £25 to be awarded in Consolation Prizes.



Here is your panel of qualified judges . . .



Charmian Maynard, Home Economist at the "Australian Women's Weekly".



Jean Bowring, Home Economist of "Woman's Day and Home".



Anne Maxwell, Cookery Expert of "Woman's".

Judging carried out with the co-operation of the Emily McPherson College of Domestic Economy and the Gas and Fuel Corporation of Victoria.

HOW TO ENTER

This competition is open to everyone. Simply go to your grocer and get your entry form which sets out the simple rules — or ask your grocer to include the free entry form in your next order. Your recipe must be written on this form to be accepted. Remember, if your grocer hasn't a supply of entry forms, write direct to "Kraft Recipe Contest", Box 1673N, P.O. Box, Melbourne, Vic., and a form will be sent to you promptly. There is no entry fee and no special conditions. This great Kraft Cheddar Recipe Contest closes on 24th October, 1953. Winners will be announced in leading metropolitan and country newspapers in each State on Friday, 11th December, 1953, and in that week's issue of "Women's Weekly", "Woman" and "Woman's Day and Home".

See your Grocer Today!



5

good reasons why
Kraft Cheddar is best
Cheese value!

- 1 NO RIND—NO WASTE
- 2 FLAVOUR NEVER VARIES
- 3 SLICES EASILY—NEVER CRUMBLES
- 4 STAYS FRESH
- 5 PASTEURISED FOR PURITY

From Under my Hat

By HEDDA HOPPER

SYNOPSIS: For many years a resident of Hollywood, ex-stage star Hedda Hopper watches the rapid growth of the film industry from all angles. Among her friends and acquaintances there are many top personalities.

When sound hits Hollywood many silent stars find their careers seriously threatened or ruined completely. Performers with stage training and drama and voice tutors achieve overnight importance.

When Greta Garbo comes to Hollywood from her native Sweden she attracts scant attention at first. Discovered by chance and given a starring role in "The Torrent," Garbo becomes the rage.

In 1931, newcomer Myrna Loy is assigned a part in the Ina Clair film "Rebound." NOW READ ON:

SURE enough, when we went to work on Monday morning "Sunbonnet Sue," as Ina dubbed Myrna, was there. Her welcome wasn't what you'd call hearty—except from E. H. Having taken the chance, he was determined she'd make good.

She sure did. She went on to become one of Metro's greatest money-makers and the screen's perfect wife. Myrna Loy must have been a perfect wife, too, because so far she's had four husbands, all important. After Gene Markey came Arthur Hornblow, jun., then followed John Hertz, and now Howland Sergeant, of the State Department.

Myrna didn't outact Ina—I don't believe anybody could—but she was fresh and exactly what the part called for, notwithstanding that for years she'd been cast as slikey, sultry sirens in B pictures for Columbia. All of which got her exactly nowhere, probably for the good reason that she was fundamentally a sweet, natural girl.

I watched Jack Gilbert being destroyed on the sound stage by one man, Lionel Barrymore, who took time out from his acting to direct Jack's first talking picture, "His Glorious Night." Ironic title.

Talking pictures had to be approached cautiously. Lionel had plenty of experience on the stage. Gilbert had none.

By the time sound came in, "love" was a comedy word. Use it too freely and you got a belly laugh. Whether by diabolical intent or careless accident I'll never know, but Jack's very first speech in "His Glorious Night" was "I love you, I love you, I love you."

Jack was young and virile, and he was getting five thousand dollars a week. He was handsome, but his face just didn't fit those words. When sound came on the screen from his lips, a strange meeting took place between his nose and mouth which made him look more like a parrot than a lover. In silent pictures you never noticed.

It was unfortunate, too, that during the picture Lionel was in physical misery. He had a bad hip and took drugs to ease the pain. Around 4 p.m., when he'd inch himself out of his chair, it took a good minute before he could start the locomotion of his legs.

The picture finished, Jack and Ina took off on a battling honeymoon. They separated so many times that they became international news, but always got together again and eventually returned on the same boat.

They were in mid-ocean when the stock market crashed. Gilbert had stocks on margin—as who didn't? His banker and his business manager were unable to reach him by telephone and, like millions of other Americans, Jack lost everything.

Ina told me the story later.

Jack arrived in New York flat broke. But, ever an optimistic soul, he thought, "At least I've got my new contract." Metro thought so highly of him they'd promised to build a dressing-room bungalow for him on the lot. So he decided to go and see his picture, which happened to be opening that day at the Capitol Theatre on Broadway. He hadn't seen it previewed before leaving for Europe.

He settled down to enjoy himself on the screen. The title appeared, the credits, the picture started. Gilbert appeared with the leading lady, spoke his opening line—"I love you, I love you, I love you"—whereupon the audience broke into howls of laughter!

Jack never waited to see the rest. Chin tucked down in his collar, hat pulled over his eyes, he rushed out of the theatre, caught a train for California—now not only broke but the biggest flop on the lot.

He went to M.G.M. There was his new bungalow, all bright and shiny; but the Big Boys, those fair-weather friends for whom he'd made millions, just didn't seem to quite recognise him, didn't quite meet his eye when he came towards them. This made Jack roaring mad. He'd damned well finish out his contract, no matter what stinkers they put him in. And they sure gave him some cats and dogs!

After Jack and Ina were divorced, he paid court to Lupe Velez. They scooted off to Europe together and had a wonderful time.

The little Mexican Lupe had

attracted favorable attention from Doug Fairbanks, who had put her in one of his pictures. On location one day a horse bit her. Lupe turned round and bit the horse. That was the kind of a girl she was. That bite put her on front pages.

After returning from England with Jack, she came into my dressing-room. "Hedda," she said, "I'm gonna have a heart-to-heart talk with you."

"Shoot!"

"Well, you've known me for years. You've known Jack, too. You know I'm no lady. People like me though, just the same. I like people, too. I like Jack. It seems to me I am able to make him happy. Together we did all right—even in England. All those lords and ladies entertained us—even a duke. Well, he was a little motheaten, but all the same he was a duke. Now what I want you to tell me is this: shall I marry Jack or shan't I?"

It wasn't much good to tell a girl like Lupe the one about locking the barn door after the horse had been stolen. I answered by asking a question.

"Lupe, what's the advantage of getting married? Tell me now, honestly."

She gave me a big hug and bounced out of the room. "Thanks," she called over her shoulder, "that's all I wanted to know."

She ran into Jack's bungalow yelling joyfully, "Hey, Jack, we don't have to get married!"

Life caught up though with our little Lupe. She fell in love with a man not good enough to dust her shoes. When she dis-

covered she was going to have a baby without the protection of marriage, she killed herself.

Taking her life was against the tenets of her religion. She couldn't be buried in consecrated ground, and was an out-cast from Heaven and all the loving kindness of the Virgin Mother. To a girl like Lupe that was suffering indeed.

Greta Garbo repaid some of Jack Gilbert's heartbreak by insisting that he play opposite her in "Queen Christina," though this was long after he was washed up in pictures.

When the story was agreed upon, many leading men were tested, among them Ricardo Cortez and Fredric March. But neither of them suited Garbo.

In desperation the studio cabled England and brought over Laurence Olivier. To economise on time, his measurements were cabled ahead so that his costumes would be ready when he arrived.

Meanwhile, though, Garbo walked into Louis B. Mayer's office and stated simply, "I want Jack Gilbert."

"That's the one thing I can't grant you," he replied.

Garbo never said a word, just turned round and walked out of the office.

Preparations for the start of the picture moved ahead. One day Garbo was notified that they were ready to begin.

"I'll come," she sent back word, "when Jack Gilbert is on the set." And, by golly, when he was, she did—and not before.

When Garbo was upset she would stride back and forth the full length of her dressing-room gallery. At each dressing-room window along the gallery fascinated eyes would follow.

Joan Crawford, who had the room next to mine, would dash in and whisper, "What do you suppose is wrong now?"

"How should I know?"

"Let's find out."

We never did. Garbo had no confidantes. She allowed no one to watch her act except the people in the immediate scene. Towards the end of her picture-making career her director, Clarence Brown, was doing his work from behind a screen—with two peepholes so he could watch the actress at work.

The silliest thing the studio ever did was to try to punish Garbo. Their plan backfired. When she refused to sign a new contract on their terms, they decided she must conform. To make her see things their way, they gave the star part in her next picture to Aileen Pringle. Garbo was ordered to play the maid.

She made no protest; even had the maid's costumes fitted to her. Aileen prepared to start the picture, but those of us who had been around a long time knew she would never finish it. Sure enough, the day before the picture was to start, the studio capitulated. Aileen went back to her minor roles and Garbo stepped into the place reserved for her.

To be continued



HOW TO EAT WHAT YOU LIKE!

Frightened to eat your favourite dish? Get a handy pack of QUICK-EZE and go for your life! In seconds QUICK-EZE relieves indigestion, heartburn, fullness after eating, because QUICK-EZE neutralises excess acidity, restores the digestive balance and soothes the delicate stomach and intestinal linings. Always keep QUICK-EZE handy in pocket or purse.



DOCTORS RECOMMEND QUICK-EZE

How the famous 5-point formula, prepared strictly to British Pharmacopoeia Codex Standards, brings rapid relief:—

- (1) **MAGNESIUM TRISILICATE.** Preferable to other antacids—it helps restore correct acid-alkaline balance.
- (2) **CALCIUM CARBONATE.** A valuable antacid for gastric hyperacidity, gastric and duodenal ulcers. Gives rapid relief of pain and heartburn.
- (3) **MAGNESIUM CARBONATE.** Changes mainly to soluble bicarbonate, relieving pain immediately and congestion in digestive tract.
- (4) **PURE OIL OF PEPPERMINT.** Has a sedative effect and relieves gastric and intestinal flatulence.
- (5) **GLUCOSE.** Assists in the prevention of acidosis by raising the glycogen content of the liver. Glucose is well known for its soothing and nerve-steadying qualities.

TAKE

QUICK-EZE

FOR

INDIGESTION



ONLY 7d. EVERYWHERE

In the handy spill-proof pack.

Q1.172.51

LOVABLE LOVELINESS

You can give your skin lovely loveliness . . . clear, unblemished allure . . . by using smooth, non-greasy MERCOLIZED WAX as a massage cream each night and as your make-up base each morning.

MERCOLIZED WAX

Large jar of cream only 4/6

THE IMPROVEMENT ON FACE CREAM

MW7.53

THE HEIRLOOM CLASSICS

Twenty-five titles of famous favourites, which should be on every junior bookshelf.

Strongly and attractively bound, illustrated in black and white and in excellent colour.

11/6 From all Booksellers.

Page 45



AT 45 Myrna Loy is a charming woman of the world. She was dubbed "Sunbonnet Sue" her first day on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio lot. Myrna went on to become a top movie money-maker and the screen's perfect wife.

NOW! Exciting hair make-up... as easy as making up your face!



*Just as make-up
smooths away blemishes...*

NAPRO **Colour Touch** *smooths away* **tell-tale grey hair**

Yes, it's as easy as that — with Napro Colour Touch. You simply brush out grey streaks as you brush in your own shade. And you'll be thrilled at the Colour Touch tonings—they are as fresh and subtle as nature's own... completely defy detection. Colour Touch does not stain the scalp and is not permanent (washes out easily—but lasts from shampoo to shampoo). Let Colour Touch help you regain the natural colour and beauty of your hair.

One of these 5 true-to-nature shades will blend with your hair:

BLACK • BROWN • TITIAN (REDDISH)
BLONDE • ASH BLONDE



AT STORES, CHEMISTS & BEAUTY SALONS EVERYWHERE

A WOMAN'S **Crowning Glory**

by
Edna Best
your Napro
Beauty Adviser



You know, Grandmother knew a thing or two about beauty—among other things, that an egg-yolk shampoo does a lot to condition the hair. Maybe she didn't know why, but it is a fact that egg-yolk contains lecithine, a natural tonic and stimulant for the nerves of the scalp. Napro has a Lecithine Shampoo, containing all the goodness of egg-yolk. This supremely cleansing liquid, delicately scented, will do wonders for your hair. Try it, you'll be thrilled at the way it leaves your hair silken-soft and easy to dress.



Another shampoo, which is equally effective, is Napro Tar Shampoo. It contains all the refreshing and stimulating properties of tar oils so beneficial to the health and appearance of the hair. But whichever you choose, Napro Lecithine Shampoo or Napro Tar Shampoo, you can be sure that you are using the finest shampoo of its type on the market.

From time to time I have been asked whether extensive brushing will cause breakage of hair and weaken its natural curl. The answer is "no"—brushing, if correctly done, does not injure the hair and tends to strengthen, rather than weaken, the natural curl. If your hair is giving trouble, breaking or splitting, then it indicates a sluggish scalp condition... that your hair is not receiving its full quota of natural oils. Napro Hair Vitalizer is the best way to correct this condition. Hair Vitalizer, by stimulating the effect of natural oils on the scalp and increasing circulation, restores gloss and elasticity. In addition, it eliminates loose dandruff. Just one home treatment will prove this to you.



There's no need to envy the well-groomed woman whose hair style is always immaculate. You, too, can have your hair looking always "fresh from the salon" if, each time you have a set, you spray your hair lightly with Napro Hair Lacquer. You will be delighted—for not only will your hair stay in place and look better, but it will have a delicate sheen and an exquisite perfume. And, remember, with Napro Hair Lacquer there is no stickiness or flaky deposit and it combs out instantly.

Edna Best



NAPRO
Silver-Grey Hi-Liter
brings the sheen of silvery moonlight to grey hair.

NAPRO Gold Hi-Liter
touches brown and fair tresses with the glow of sunlight.

NAPRO Titian Hi-Liter
gives every shade of hair the deep warmth of burnished copper.



NAPRO'S **Subtle Magic** **IN COLOUR SHAMPOOS** *brings new loveliness to your hair*

There's magic in Napro Hi-Liter Colour Shampoos—a magic that transforms drab, "lack-lustre" hair to vibrant loveliness. Just one quick home treatment and your hair is full of radiant highlights... silky soft... aglow with natural sheen. Napro Hi-Liter Colour Shampoos are not dyes or bleaches and are as easy to use as an ordinary shampoo. Economical, too—a bottle will last you for months.



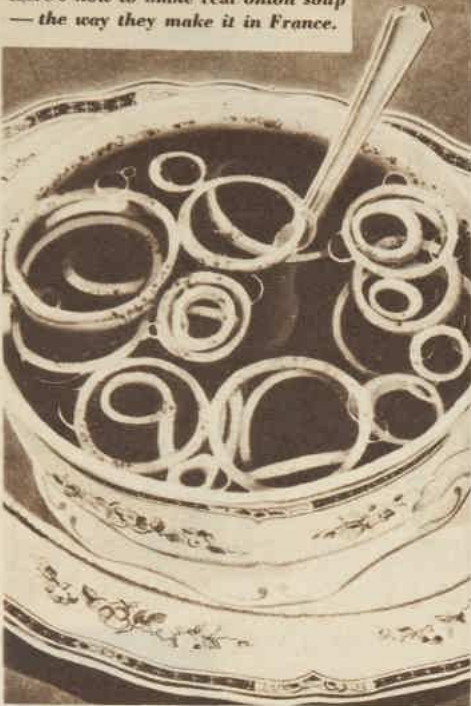
NAPRO Hi-liter
COLOUR SHAMPOOS

SILVER-GREY
GOLD
TITIAN

AT STORES, CHEMISTS & BEAUTY SALONS EVERYWHERE

FRENCH ONION SOUP

Here's how to make real onion soup
—the way they make it in France.



Your family and friends will want to know the secret
of the delicious difference in this flavour—and here's
the recipe that gives you that secret . . .

**This Onion Soup is sure
to be popular with your family—**

Ingredients:

- 5 medium onions
- 3 dessertspoons butter or
good dripping (1½ oss.)
- 1 level teaspoon salt
- 2 pints water
- 1 tablespoon Bonox

Method: Cook sliced onions
slowly in butter or drip-
ping until soft. Add water,
salt and simmer at least
30 minutes. Dissolve the
Bonox in the soup before
serving, and bring to the
boil. Serves 6.

Here's another tasty
home-made soup sur-
prise . . . **BONOX
PUMPKIN SOUP.**

Ingredients:

- ½ oz. butter or dripping
- 1 medium onion, chopped
- 1 tablespoon chopped
parsley
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 tablespoon Bonox
- ¾ lb. diced pumpkin
- 1 pt. boiling water
- ½ pt. hot milk

Method: Fry the chopped
onion in the butter or
dripping, and when brown
add one pint of boiling
water. Drop in the diced
pumpkin and season
lightly. Simmer gently for
½ an hour. Now rub the
soup through a coarse
sieve. Add ½ pt. of hot
milk and a tablespoon of
Bonox. Just before serving
sprinkle chopped parsley
on the top. Serves 6.

FOR RICH MEATY GRAVY

Whenever you make
gravy, add a spoonful
of Bonox . . . you'll be
delighted with the
richer flavour it gives.
Add it to stews and
casseroles, too, as well
as all soups.

K845

THE HEIRLOOM CLASSICS

Twenty-five titles of famous
favourites, which should be on
every junior bookshelf.

Strongly and attractively
bound, illustrated in black and
white and in excellent colour.

11/6 From all Booksellers.

STOP KIDNEY POISONING TODAY

If you suffer from Rheumatism, Nerve
Pains, Leg Pains, Backache,
Lumbago, Nervousness, Headaches,
and Colds, Dizziness, Cries Under
Eyes, Swollen Ankles, Loss of Appetite
or Energy, your system is being
poisoned because germs are impairing
the vital process of your kidneys.
You must kill the germs which cause
these troubles, as blood can't be pur-
ified till kidneys function normally. Stop
troubles with Cylix—the new sci-
entific discovery which starts benefit in
2 hours. Get Cylix from your
chemist or store to-day. It must
prove satisfactory or money back.

Continuing . . . Dear Ellen

[from page 10]

authority for thinking that I
can put in for furlough soon.
My plans are simple.
There's just one thing, and I
know that it's childish, I want
to be met at the train. Could
you possibly do that?

I want to see Maggie and
Genevieve and Jimmy, and
then I just want to tag around
after you as much as you can
stand it.

Oh, but I want to see you.
My thumbs are twitching—all
six of them. Love.—Buzz.

Saturday, July 14.

Buzz, dear: I'm in a dither!
By letter, telegram, carrier
pigeon or smoke signal just in-
dicate what train and of course
you'll be met. Maggie will be
there with Jimmy. She'll bring
you home directly as the cab
flies, and I do mean home.

Simply can't wait to see you.
Ecstatically.—El.

July 17.

Dear Ellen: I know Maggie
is a grand girl and I want to
see her, but can't you meet me?
You're the person I'm coming
to be with.

Ellen, thinking of you was
what brought me through the
bad time. Do you understand?
I've asked so much, is this one
more thing too much? Or am I
just among a bunch of strays in
your life? Are you sorry you
asked me to come but too kind
to say so?

I planned to be in New York
the 27th. There's a train that
gets into Penn Station at 3.40
p.m. Only I don't know if
you really want me to be on it.
—Buzz.

Friday, July 20.

Dear Buzz: This is a hard let-
ter to write because I have to
explain what would be so much
easier to say in person. But to
put the most important thing
first: Please, please, be on that
train. We all want you to come.

You see, I'm not El. I'm only
little sister, Maggie. I hope
this isn't too much of a disap-
pointment and don't think for
a minute that El wouldn't have
answered your letter if she'd
been here. She and her husband,
Mike Conroy, were away when

your first letter came and it
seemed to me too urgent to be
forwarded. So I tried to write
what I thought El would, and
after that I don't honestly see
when I could have told you the
truth.

I said I was a secretary so
you'd know there was someone
unimportant who'd be glad to
run errands for you.

El and Mike came home just
before your birthday, but we
thought it would be better to
let things ride until your fur-
lough, and then you'd just find
that there's more family than
you thought.

I know this must be a shock
to you. Of course El will meet
the train if you'd rather. I said
I would because it seemed like
a good place to start telling the
truth. Besides, I so wanted to
be the first one to say "Wel-
come." However, the import-
ant thing is for you to come.

Can you forgive me?—
Maggie.

July 23.

You darling: Yes, it was a
shock because I'm so used to
thinking of you as "Ellen." But
Ellen or Maggie or Hepzibah,
I want you to meet me, and you
is you—the gal who wrote those
letters, the gal I've been think-
ing about all this time even if
it was with the wrong name.

There's another thing about
your news. I thought you were
married. I mean, I knew that
Ellen is married—read it in one
of those brief biographical
sketches in a magazine. That's
kept me from admitting how I
feel about you, even to myself.
This doesn't have to be clear
because I'd like to explain it
in person. With gestures.

Can I forgive you? Try
coaxing me. For about fifty
years. Any chance of selling you
that?

Until Friday, 3.40 at Penn
Station. Do I have to shake
hands with Jimmy before I can
kiss you? Ask him to be a good
guy. Four more days is an awful
long time. All my love.—Buzz.

(Copyright)

★ As I read the stars ★

★ By EVE HILLIARD ★

ARIES (March 21-April 20):
There's nothing better than
September 16 for finding a job,
developing a sideline or hobby,
or making a bit of extra money.
If you're wise you'll do your
utmost to keep out of quarrels
on September 21.

TAURUS (April 21-May
20): Step out on the evening of
September 16 and have a won-
derful time. Others may re-
cover lost property on that day.
Outings, September 20, are
likely to disappoint.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21):
Don't attempt to conclude any
business transaction, September
17; it's bound to be unsatisfac-
tory. Expeditions, invitations
are ace-high, September 19, but
don't let your romantic imagi-
nation run away with you.

CANCER (June 22-July 22):
That important interview or
that short journey with a pur-
pose brings pleasure, Septem-
ber 18. Beware of accidents in
traffic or wagging tongues, Sep-
tember 21.

LEO (July 23-August 22): An
exciting piece of news, prob-
ably connected with your occu-
pation, could highlight your
week, but September 16 in-
clines to reckless extravagance.

VIRGO (August 23-Septem-
ber 23): Should September 17
bring minor upsets in regard
to personal relationships, Sep-
tember 19 puts things right,
with more harmony than you've
known for some time.

LIBRA (September 24-Octo-
ber 23): New conditions are
rapidly approaching. The first
hint of pleasant change may
appear on September 16, but
don't expect too much of Sep-
tember 20.

SCORPIO (October 24-No-
vember 22): If running for of-
fice or eager to make the team,
September 17 is the big mo-
ment. Steer clear of arguments
with your nearest and dearest,
September 21.

SAGITTARIUS (November
23-December 20): Don't ask
favors of the boss, friends, or
workmates, September 16. Sep-
tember 20 inclines to outings
and group activity of every
sort.

CAPRICORN (December
21-January 19): If studying for
examinations, September 16 is
fine for progress. Travel is also
well aspected. You won't have
much luck, September 18.

AQUARIUS (January 20-
February 19): A secret wish
fulfilled, a small sum of money
found, or a lost article recover-
ed may brighten the week.
Take no risks, September 18.

PISCES (February 20-March
20): Good fortune, happiness
through the opposite sex, Sep-
tember 16. Developments in
personal relationships may
reach a wonderful climax, Sep-
tember 20.

[The Australian Women's Weekly
presents this astrological diary as
a feature of interest only, without
accepting any responsibility what-
ever for the statements contained
in it.]

MADE FOR YOUR "SWEET TOOTH"



"Snack"
a delicious assortment
of 12 milk chocolates
in one handy 1/4-lb. block.



Made by **MacRobertson**
The Great Name in Confectionery

MS32

VARICOSE VEINS

Soothe away pain, itching, inflammation with

VARICOSAN CHLOROPHYLL OINTMENT

Varicosan gives rapid relief to painfully inflamed varicose
veins and assists in the healing of varicose ulcers and most
forms of varicose dermatitis. Varicosan can be rubbed in
like vanishing cream and because it contains chlorophyll it
keeps both skin and stockings fresh and sweet. It will not
harm surgical hosiery.

and for support, wear Britain's finest
SURGICAL NYLONS



★ "Lastonet" stockings now available in Australia
★ Firm, healthful support for varicose veins
★ Invisible under ordinary stockings

FREE BOOKLET on VARICOSE VEINS

R. M. GREEN MEDICAL DISTRIBUTORS PTY LTD.
110 Little Bourke St. Melbourne

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____

Every Trip's a Picnic with a car that's *Trouble Free!*



Whether you are on a shopping trip, a business run, a night at the theatre, a picnic run to the hills or beach, or a long drive away from home, don't let car trouble spoil your plans. Let your local Mobil Reseller keep your car in perfect running order. His honest-to-goodness Mobil Service and Mobil Quality Products will give you safe, economical motoring at all times. Get to know your local Mobil Reseller . . . and make his Mobil Service Station your motoring headquarters, for there—under the sign of the Flying Red Horse—you'll get the best in motoring service.

PLUME ★ Mobiloil



MOBILUBRICATION regularly carried out by experts who check every point to save you money and inconvenience.



FOR YOUR SAFETY, the windscreen and rear window will be cleaned as part of the friendly, Mobil Service.



TYRES—Again for your safety, tyres as well as the battery will be checked each time you enter the driveway.



CAR INSPECTION—including the oil filter, cooling system and many other points to avoid costly repairs for you.



NEW, WEAR-FIGHTING MOBIL OIL will give your engine full lubrication protection and longer engine life.



RUNS SWEETLY. Always use Plume for extra miles and ask about Mobil Upper-lube. It makes a world of difference.

**Make the white Mobil Service Station
your Motoring Headquarters.**



AT THE SIGN OF THE FLYING RED HORSE



GARDENERS who have space for a water-lily pool are lucky. The blooms are fragrant and beautiful when growing or when cut for use in the house. They are not difficult to grow and don't need much care or attention.

TO GROW WATER-LILIES

Water-lilies are easy to grow in a well-constructed pool. Temperate zone varieties are extremely hardy and fragrant once they are well established.

WATER-LILIES need a depth of at least 2½ ft. of water. Shallow pools are unsuitable because during the summer months the water becomes too hot.

Some tropical water-lilies need 6 ft. to 10 ft. water-depth.

It is not necessary to have running water. Enough water can be readily supplied from time to time with the hose to take care of evaporation.

It is best, however, to have somewhere handy to the pool a drainage pipe and a dry well, say 4 ft. square and 4 ft. deep, filled with rocks and topped off with turf to absorb the surplus water.

If your garden layout doesn't permit of this dry well, a sump pump and hose should be used to pump out excess water or to take out enough so that fresh water can be added.

The water pumped out can be used on the lawn or flower-beds.

In the cooler parts of Australia there is no need to refresh the water, as the lilies use up most of the impurities.

A few goldfish can be added to help keep the water clear, and they will also look after mosquito larvae.

Where goldfish are kept, fresh water will need to be added from time to time.

The lily roots have to be planted in stout tubs made of concrete or metal and filled with good soil made up by mixing garden loam, some well-pulverised sheep or cow manure, and a little bone meal or dust.

The tubs should be planted in the soil until nothing can be seen of them except a bit of the crown, with the starting-leaves peeping out.

Deeper planting than this should be avoided.

Wet the soil well before placing the container in the centre of the pool, and cover the surface with a layer of

coarse gravel or small stones to prevent the manure and bone dust coming to the surface when immersed.

If the container does not sink readily, wire a sheet of lead or a slab of flat rock to the bottom.

Gradually fill the pool with the hose until there are several inches of water over the top of the lily plants.

The pool should not be filled to capacity right away.

Most water-lilies set seeds which can be grown fairly easily if they are sown in boxes of good soil and submerged in very shallow water until they are big enough to be set out in deeper water.

They will frequently bloom in four to eight inches of water, but later need to be set out in deep containers as recommended above.

Sometimes water-lily pads grow so thick and fast that

the rootstocks may be cut or broken, and a section with several buds produces the best plant.

Those who want the effect of a large plant in a pool will do better to plant half-a-dozen sections in a circle—following the same procedure as when planting irises or chrysanthemums in the flower-beds to get a clump effect.

Some of the hardy hybrid nymphaeas (water-lilies) are *Nymphaea andriana* (deep violet); *N. atropurpurea* (dark red); *N. aurora* (open yellow, changing to orange and then dark red); *N. gloriosa* (rose red); *N. James Brydon* (carmine red); *N. candidissima* (white); *N. rosea* (pink); *N. pygmaea* (small types—obtainable in white, yellow, and red); *N. stellata* (blue, white, and pink); does well in Melbourne; Mrs. C. W. Thomas (shell-pink); *N. alba* (white); *N. marliacea carnea* (flesh-pink); *N. superba* (large white); *N. roebeli* (wine color).

Tropical water-lilies are not necessarily hardy. They must have more sunlight and warmth than those drawn from the temperate zones.

They should not be planted in southern districts of Australia before November and should be removed from pools in May. They may be stored in moist clay. Some need to be stored in a heated glass-house.

But in New South Wales and Queensland, for instance, the tropical varieties are easily grown and needn't be moved.

Tropical day-blooming water-lilies include: *Nymphaea gracilis* (white); Mrs. George H. Pring (blue); *N. caerulea* (blue); *N. gigantea hudsoniana* (blue); *N. zanzibariensis rosea* (pink); *N. zanzibariensis* and August Koch (purple).

Tropical night-blooming water-lilies include: *Lotus dentata* (white); *N. devoniensis* (red); and *Lotus dentata superba* (pink). There are many others in both classes—*Our Home Gardener*.

GARDENING

they smother the entire surface. They are often difficult to handle, but can be thinned out by means of an old safety-razor blade screwed to a slender pole.

The pole should be slotted just far enough to hold the blade, which should be secured by a bolt and nut.

One slicing cut with this gadget is usually enough to sever the sappy pads. They can then be raked ashore.

In their first season, water-lilies often send up a dense growth of erect leaves which hide the flowers.

The glossy foliage is so handsome that gardeners sometimes prefer it to the flowers.

However, the lily plants should be divided when this excessive leafiness occurs.

If the dividing work is done quickly and the rootstocks are not at all dried by their brief exposure to the air, bloom will not be retarded—or at the most for a few days only.

FINEST FIRST AID
for all the Family!

Quick First Aid
50 INDIVIDUALLY WRAPPED

BAND-AID
ADHESIVE BANDAGE

BAND-AID
ADHESIVE BANDAGE

BAND-AID
ADHESIVE BANDAGE

WATERPROOF BAND-AID ADHESIVE BANDAGES

¾ inches x 3 inches (VENTED)

Johnson & Johnson
MADE IN AUSTRALIA

Accidents happen when you least expect them! But with Band-Aid Adhesive Bandages in your first-aid kit or medicine chest you're ready to deal with all minor injuries when they happen! Check up and see you have a full supply of these ready-made first-aid dressings now!

Band-Aid Adhesive Bandages are the finest first-aid dressings for the kiddies' cuts, scratches and abrasions. They give protection against infection and promote rapid healing. Buy them plain, waterproof or elastic, but insist on Band-Aid Adhesive Bandages. They're made only by Johnson & Johnson, world's largest manufacturers of Surgical dressings.

Active men and women demand Band-Aid Adhesive Bandages—the quick, safe way to deal with all minor injuries. Carry them in your pocket, purse, schoolbag, golfbag—on trips away, fishing and picnics, ready for every sudden emergency. There's a Band-Aid Adhesive Bandage for every type of injury—plain, waterproof, elastic!

Product of JOHNSON & JOHNSON
The most trusted name in surgical dressings.

BAND-AID
ADHESIVE BANDAGES
FOR ALL MINOR INJURIES

Elastoplast

the **WATERPROOF** first-aid dressing

THAT PROTECTS WITHOUT BINDING!



The protection of cuts and sores on "hard to treat" spots is no problem with **waterproof** Elastoplast. The flesh-coloured plastic adheres firmly, yet its elasticity leaves you freedom of movement when you have to use it on knuckles or joints. Healing is helped by a special medicated pad in the centre of each dressing, while the **waterproof** plastic fully protects your injury from water, grease and oil.

Ask your chemist for **WATERPROOF**

Elastoplast



Ready-cut dressings in the red and white tin.

Also: Spools of **Waterproof** plaster without medicated pad in 1" x 1 yd. and 3 yd. lengths.

SMITH & NEPHEW (AUST.) PTY. LTD. SYDNEY

How new is a frock?



Is it brand new, or does it look like new? In either case, how can you keep it that way? How can you make all your pretty things last longer—and go on looking lovely? Well, the answer to that problem is the **ACME Cleanser-Wringer**.

It's the scientific combination of Pressure Distribution and Pressure Indication that does the trick! **Acme** pressure distribution operates over the whole length of the resilient rubber rollers and wrings the thin as well as the thick parts of the wash, expelling embedded

dirt along with the surplus water... while **Acme's** new 3-point pressure indication takes the guesswork out of wringing. Everything from a bill to a blanket, gets exactly the right pressure suited to its weight and texture without any strain on delicate fibres. The whole wash—silks, cottons, linens, woollens—comes out fresher, cleaner, and with longer life ahead.



ACME the cleanser-wringer

Used in millions of homes throughout the world

Factory Representatives: **J. CHALEYER & COMPANY**
Pioneer House, 353 Flinders Lane, MELBOURNE, C.1

Manufactured by **ACME WRINGERS LTD.** DAVID ST. GLASGOW 3 E SCOTLAND

Continuing

Murder Among Those Present

[from page 5]

Osborne's dignity had been affronted and nothing would atone.

The rest of the inspection was a nightmare. I had scant opportunity to compare notes with the rest of the staff, but noticed that Ann was looking white and drawn, and judged that she, too, had her troubles, although, when the ordeal was over and we gathered to hear the report, I found that she had received quite a good one.

Not so my unfortunate self. It was much as I had expected, but I couldn't altogether stifle my disappointment at having my year's work go for nothing as far as my departmental record was concerned. At the end of his remarks, Osborne touched briefly on the tragic events of the past few months and their effect upon the school.

"I fear that you have all been working under great strain," he concluded, "but you must make every effort to keep your work free from outside influences. There are too many distractions here for some of you and the detrimental effect on your work has been painfully apparent!" I knew this was directed mainly at me and wondered how much he had been affected by newspaper reports.

At length they took their departure and we heaved united sighs of relief. I hastily straightened my room and went to collect Ann and leave the school as quickly as possible. To my alarm, I found her doubled over her table in obvious pain.

"Ann, dear! Whatever is it?" "This pain! It has been worrying me at intervals ever since Sunday. I would have taken sick-leave, but I couldn't with the inspectors here." Her lips were blue and beads of sweat stood out on her forehead, but she forced a faint smile at my obvious alarm.

"Don't worry, Noel. It will pass. I've had these attacks before and the pain always goes after a while. I'll go home in a few minutes and get into bed. It's a pity Aunt Jessie is away, but Uncle will just have to manage tea for himself tonight."

As she had predicted, the spasm passed and, with my help, she managed to struggle home and into bed. Almost at once, however, she gave a smothered groan and doubled up again. Seriously alarmed, I rushed to the phone and called Tony. He was out, but Aunt Bea promised to send him as soon

as possible. With this I had to be content and I returned to Ann. By this time, she was undoubtedly very ill and I felt a shiver of fear. Surely we were not to have any more trouble.

My relief when Tony appeared was overwhelming. His examination was brief and rapid, and, at its completion, he summoned me out of the room.

"What is it, Tony?" I asked, frightened by his expression.

"Ruptured appendix, I'm afraid," he said curtly. "I'll have to get her to hospital at once. How long has she been ill?"

I told him and explained why she had not sought his advice before.

"Young fool! I'll ring the hospital and prepare Matron. You get Ann's things together. There's isn't any time to waste. I'd better see Ann's uncle, too. He's the only relative handy and I'll probably have to operate at once."

Frightened and miserable, I hastily obeyed him. Ann's uncle was left to put through a long distance call to Mrs. Graham and ask her to come as quickly as possible. I also suggested that he let Vin know, and was glad when Ann thanked me weakly.

At the hospital I stood in the passage, not knowing what to do. I was soon joined by a distraught Vin, and we waited together, anxious and unhappy. Tony found us there on his way to the theatre.

"You two had better go home," he said, not unkindly. "There is nothing you can do here."

"We'll wait until after the operation," said Vin brusquely, and I agreed.

Fortunately, dear old Matron Harley overheard us. "They can wait in my sitting-room, Doctor," she said soothingly. "Naturally they are anxious and they won't be in anyone's way there."

"Very well." He strode off to the theatre where his father awaited him and we commenced our anxious vigil in Matron's pleasant little room. We had little to say, for we dared not voice our fears, and time passed very slowly. After what seemed an age, Matron came to us.

The operation was over and Ann was out of the anaesthetic, but she was dangerously weak. Seeing that nothing would per-

suade us to go, Matron had a tray sent in to us and we made a pretence of eating. Mr. and Mrs. Graham had set out by car immediately on receipt of the message and should arrive within another hour and I felt that I must stay close to Ann until her mother arrived.

Vin's voice broke in on my unhappy musing. "I've wanted to meet Mrs. Graham for a long time, but not under these circumstances."

I smiled sympathetically. "She is very easy to know. Vin, I'm sure you'll like her."

"Yes, but the point is, will she like me? She has no cause to. Come to that, you don't think much of me yourself, do you, Noel?"

"I didn't, Vin," I said honestly, "but I've been revising my opinion of you lately."

"I've been all sorts of a fool, but that's all behind me now. Ever since I've known Ann—oh, I guess you know how I feel about her."

"I think I do."

"If anything happens to her now, I don't know what I'll do."

"Nothing is going to happen," I assured him, with a confidence I was far from feeling. "She's getting the best of care."

"I feel so helpless. When anything goes wrong we're so dependent on these doctors. We've just got to accept their word and hope they know what they're doing. Gee! Sorry, Noel!"

"It's all right, Vin. I understand what you mean. The doctors do, too, you know. I think that is one of the things that makes their work so trying—the knowledge that people are so utterly dependent on them. It is a fearful responsibility."

He nodded gloomily and changed the subject. "You know Ann and I want to be married?" he said. "She has wanted to announce our engagement for some time, but I didn't feel that it was fair to her. I can't marry her until this beastly business is cleared up."

"But you're practically freed from suspicion now, aren't you?"

"I don't know. I won't feel that I have been truly cleared until the murderer has been caught and convicted—and goodness knows whether that time will ever come!"

"It must!" I said firmly. "Why don't you talk the whole

To page 52

Ask for ...



THE 1" FLAT BASE MAKES PERFECT CONTACT WITH HOT PLATE AND CUTS CURRENT COSTS

SWAN BRAND

Ground Base ALUMINIUM HOLLOWWARE

For perfect Hot Plate cooking

In the home for a LIFETIME

Bulpett & Sons Ltd., Birmingham 18 England



15 hairsets for 3/11

QUICKSET WITH CURLYPET

Give YOUR hair new silky loveliness and save pounds on your hair-do's.

Get a tube of concentrated **Curlypet**—squeeze **Curlypet** into a pint milk bottle of warm water—shake till mixed—now you have a pint of the best, most fragrant quicknet lotion you've ever used.

Get concentrated **Curlypet** for 3/11 from your chemist or store. QUICKSET WITH CURLYPET CN 4

5 doctors prove this plan breaks the laxative habit

If you take laxatives regularly—here's how you can stop!

Because five doctors now have proved you can break the laxative habit. And establish your natural powers of regularity. Eighty-three per cent. of the cases tested did it. So can you.

Stop taking whatever you now take. Instead: Every night for one week take two **Carter's Little Liver Pills**. Second week—one each night. Third week—one every other night. Then—nothing!

Every day: drink eight glasses of water; set a definite time for regularity. Five doctors proved this plan can break the laxative habit.

How can **Carter's Little Liver Pills** break the laxative habit? Because **Carter's** not only "unblock" the lower digestive tract but they also improve the flow of liver bile that you need to be regular naturally.

Further—**Carter's Little Liver Pills** contain no habit-forming drugs. Break the laxative habit... with **Carter's Little Liver Pills**... and be regular naturally.

When weary, overeating, overwork make you irregular temporarily—take **Carter's Little Liver Pills** temporarily. And never get the laxative habit.

Get **Carter's Little Liver Pills** today. You'll be grateful the rest of your life.

UNSLIGHTLY HAIR

Can now be permanently removed at home by electrolysis—the only way. Refills at any tressor counter. So safe and simple a child can use it. Guaranteed. £3 Post Free. C. BELL, Box 4516, G.P.O. Sydney. Send Now!

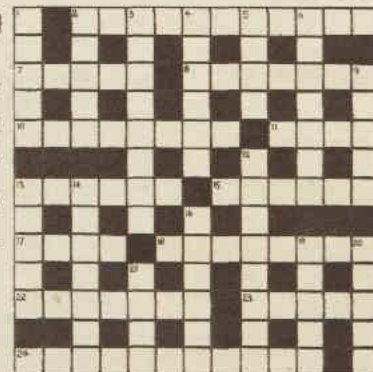
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Surgeon's mate is the lady to bowl a sweet-meat (8, 3).
7. This organ can be a breakfast dish (5).
8. Alternative in real-ities for agents (7).
10. Wicked through poem (8).
11. Underground work which belongs to me (4).
13. Chandelier of radiant beauty (6).
15. Fish turns about to daily (6).

17. Chant in half of American gael (4).
18. Interval when Little Diana takes position before hitting off (8).
22. Egyptian monument (7).
23. Italian poet who has a small draught in Scotland with nothing (5).
24. Inexperienced shop-keeper (11).

Solution will be published next week.



DOWN

PROGRAM NOATH ON UABSA BREASTSUMMERS ERTIOINT EROSION MIECH T DUNN USAGE SPEND S R S OER LOSCA ISTATE U O R E R R I PORIFICATION D E D O G N E R MOTH EMERGLD

Solution to last week's crossword.

1. Lowest deck of ship or smaller branches of trees (5).
2. Handle turns to merry-making (5).
3. Waterproof plant hard to shake off with small juicy fruit (8).
4. Stiff in manner of vertebrate cold-blooded animal (6).
5. Fasten with a fine open fabric (4).
6. A child might take it for a circular ornament of a cow, but it is for anchoring (7).

9. Guide a bullock (8).
12. Is it deceit of feeding? (8).
13. Catch a girl with nothing (8).
14. Notest pieces are mixed (7).
16. Watch the heart when a parasite insect turned about (6).
19. Strong head wind (8).
20. Chop off in ease and run away (5).
21. Anagram of 11 across (4).



Four glamour
heels in
snag-proofed*

*Fiesta
nylons*



The
Color-Genie
heel

with the specially
treated SHADOW-TONE
finish that matches
any colored shoe

The spectacular Venetian Heel
(with the slim-jet panels and exotic zig-zag
frames). The Color-Genie heel that matches
any colored shoe. The elegant black heel and
the plain heel with a self-seam or a dark seam!

ALL GUARANTEED FOR LENGTH, FIT, STRETCH AND TEXTURE FROM 14/11



BOND'S NYLONS ARE
snag-proofed*

The filaments in Fiesta Nylons are treated with a magical
formula perfected by a famous Chemical Company. This
treatment renders them highly snag resistant.

LOOK FOR THE GAY FIESTA BOXES



Gossamer NYLONS
'all-occasion' stockings —
sheer but strong and
durable. Wonderful
value at 12/11

A Product of BOND'S INDUSTRIES



TIME IS THE ART OF THE SWISS



Guardians of a priceless treasure

Switzerland has no raw materials, no natural wealth. Her one treasure lies in the skills of her people—a treasure which has been faithfully built and faithfully guarded through the centuries. In order to survive, the Swiss have become a nation of specialists, a people of inventive genius and unrivalled precision.

Most widely renowned of their specialised products is the fine Swiss jewelled-lever watch. In these watches, three centuries of traditional skill and the most modern and scientific production methods are combined with infinite care.

This care can all be wasted if your watch comes to you through careless or greedy hands. To be sure of getting the best of Switzerland, go to a qualified jeweller. A specialised product needs a specialised retailer, and your jeweller is the specialist in watches.

Only he can explain to you which are the good Swiss watches. Only he can bring them to you through skilful, careful hands. Only he can give your watch expert service in the future.

The Swiss watch craftsman is proud of his work. If you choose a good Swiss jewelled-lever watch, and choose it at your jeweller's, you will share his pride.



Your jeweller's knowledge is your safeguard

The WATCHMAKERS OF SWITZERLAND



SW 81 58

Continuing . . .

Murder Among Those Present (from page 50)

thing over with Mrs. Graham? She is such a sensible person and she understands Ann thoroughly. I'm sure her advice would be worth having."

"I might do that," he agreed.

As he spoke, we heard foot-steps approaching and Matron showed Mrs. Graham into the room. I ran to her and she kissed me gently before turning inquiringly to Vin. I made the necessary introductions and was pleased to see Mrs. Graham take Vin's hand in a firm, friendly grasp. For a moment they eyed each other warily, then Mrs. Graham smiled, the rich, heart-warming smile that I knew so well, and I saw Vin relax. Noiselessly, I slipped through the french windows that led into the garden, and left them together.

The cool air was refreshing and I walked slowly along the path between the flower beds, enjoying the night scent of the flowers that showed white in the bright moonlight. Hearing a step behind me, I turned and found myself in Tony's arms.

"You must go home, Noel. You're only wearing yourself out here. You must get some rest. I don't want another patient on my hands."

"But Ann?"

"I think she'll be safe now. Mrs. Graham and Vin will stay for the time being, but I'm hopeful that the danger is past. Now, get your things while I have a word with Matron, and then I'll run you home."

When I went back into the Matron's room, Vin was there alone—a completely different Vin.

"Gosh, Noel!" he greeted me. "Isn't she a wonderful person? No wonder Ann is so marvellous. I feel sure everything is going to be all right now."

I smiled at his boyish enthusiasm and went home feeling happier myself.

The remainder of the school year was not particularly happy for me. To our great joy, Ann rallied splendidly after the first anxious days, but, when she was well enough to leave the hospital, she went home to recuperate and I missed her badly. The junior teacher who was sent to relieve her was a nice child and eager to do her work well, but she was no companion for me.

We were very busy as the year drew to its close, for, besides our normal work, we had to train the children for the concert and prize-giving that concluded the year. Usually I found this a source of much amusement, but, somehow, the sparkle had gone. I did my

work conscientiously, but without pleasure.

Towards the end of the year came the blow I had been dreading. One afternoon Mr. Marsh called me to his room, and, when I saw the official envelope in his hand, my heart sank.

"I'm afraid we're going to lose you, Noel," he said kindly. "I have your notice of transfer here. I'm sorry, my dear. I have been well satisfied with your work and I know you wanted to spend your last year here."

"I've got Osborne to thank, I suppose," I said bitterly. "Where have they sent me?"

He named a town on the West Coast—remote and inaccessible. "They couldn't have sent me much farther away, unless they sent me to one of the islands," I commented. "Oh, well. I can't do anything about it. I've no legitimate cause to protest, so I'll just have to grin and bear it."

Tony, when he heard the news, was furious and wanted me to resign and get married at once. Although the idea was tempting, I refused. "I've still got another year to serve before my bond expires," I reminded him.

"I'll buy you out," he said cheerfully. "Then you'll be my slave instead of the department's."

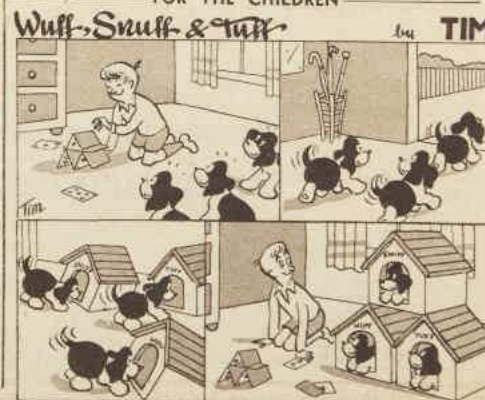
I smiled, but shook my head. Somehow, I felt that I would be false to my father's training if I broke my bond. There were other reasons, too. Being an orphan and dependent on myself I had to collect my own trousseau. Another year to earn and save would make all the difference. Tony, who was older and wiser than I, scoffed at this as the height of foolishness, but I stuck to my resolve.

I was now faced with the melancholy task of going on a round of farewell visits. I had made many friends in Sutton, and, although I hoped to be back among them eventually, I would be away for at least twelve months. During that time some of the transient folk, like myself, might also have been moved to other towns. Indeed, one such move was already impending. Mr. Meredith had been appointed to another and larger parish.

Both the Rector and his wife were highly delighted with the move and had already begun their preparations for departure. Unfortunately, Mrs. Meredith was ill once again and this marred their pleasure a little, but Mr. Meredith was very proud of his "promotion."

To page 53

FOR THE CHILDREN



Continuing . . . Murder Among Those Present

for he thought it showed recognition of the hard work he had done in Sutton.

The Rectory was a "must" on my list of calls, and one lunch hour I hurried out into the playground, looking for Alwyn Meredith. The Rector had been at the school during the morning, but I had been discussing the concert with Mr. Marsh and had not seen him, so I intended sending a message home with the child, asking his mother if she felt well enough to see me that evening.

I overtook him walking slowly along with Ernie Davis. The two little heads were close together and the boys were absorbed in a weighty problem. My rubber-soled shoes made no noise on the road and I was close enough to hear their conversation before they were aware of my approach. I smiled to myself at their serious faces. The Rector, with typical lack of understanding, had evidently been dealing with the Commandments during the religious instruction period, heedless of the approach of Christmas and the appeal that the story of the Christ Child always makes to the smaller children.

"Alwyn," Ernie was saying as I came closer, "what does 'mit dultery' mean?"

"I don't quite know," Alwyn admitted doubtfully, "but I guess it's something pretty awful."

"Yes, I thought so."

"Well, what do you think it is, Ernie?"

"I'm not sure, but I think it's something to do with kissing and all that silly stuff. I heard Mum growling at Joy about it one day. Tell you what, Alwyn—you ask your Dad about it and then we'll know for sure."

Alwyn's face cleared at this eminently sensible suggestion. His father knew all the answers and could soon solve the problem. At this moment they became aware of my presence and the discussion ended abruptly. I gave Alwyn the message for his mother and hurried home for my own lunch, wishing I could be a fly on the wall when the Rector explained matters to his small son. I didn't imagine that he would enjoy the task.

"Serve the silly old goat right," I thought, "for bothering small children about such things."

Alwyn returned to school bearing a message from Mrs. Meredith saying that, although she was still in bed and far from well, she would like me to visit her as my company would cheer her up. I wished Ann had been with me to share the task and recalled our last visit to the Rectory.

At least, the weather had improved since then, and the walk would not be so unpleasant. The evenings were warm and lovely now, and the light lin-

gered for a considerable time. I set out early after the evening meal, as I didn't wish to stay late and tire Mrs. Meredith too much.

I pushed open the Rectory gate, noting that the garden was as wild and uncared for as ever, and made my way slowly along the path. I had gone only a few yards when an unexpected sound brought me to a sudden stop. Somewhere in the depths of that unkempt garden someone was sobbing—the heedless, desolate sobbing of a child. I listened incredulously, but there was no mistaking those deep, stomach-tearing sobs such as a child cries only when in the grip of some great emotional sorrow.

Turning from the path, I followed the sound, pushing my way through the shrubbery until, at the foot of a tree, well hidden from the sight of the house, I nearly stumbled over the huddled, pitiful little form of Alwyn. Sunk in misery, he had been unconscious of my approach until I was almost upon him. He sprang up, startled, staring at me with eyes that failed to recognise me. I gathered the shaking little body into my arms. "Alwyn, my dear, whatever is the matter? What has frightened you so?"

He recognised me now, and clung to me with sudden violence, but made no answer. I had to break that unchildlike silence.

"What is it, darling?" I insisted gently. "Are you sad because Mummy is sick? She will be better soon. You mustn't worry about it." He shook his head and tried to control his sobs. At last, in a trembling voice, he whispered, "Father whipped me."

It was my turn now to stare. No ordinary smacking would have caused that terrible weeping and I was sure the Rector loved his son far too dearly to punish him severely. The situation defied understanding. Having started to speak, Alwyn was anxious to unburden himself and the words flowed in an eager torrent. "He whipped me because he said I was telling lies, but I wasn't, Miss Vicary, I wasn't!"

This made more sense. For his adored father to be unjust would hurt Alwyn far more than any punishment. I tried to soothe him. "He must have thought you were, dear. Perhaps he misunderstood you. Tell me about it and we will be able to straighten things out and you will be friends again."

The look he gave me chilled me to the heart. Never had I seen such utter disillusion in a child's eyes. My dislike of the Rector flared to new life. Alwyn started to explain: "Ernie Davis asked me to ask Father about what commit adultery meant."

"Yes, I know. I heard him."

"Well, I did ask him tonight. I told him Ernie thought it was something to do with kissing, but I didn't think so, because I thought it was right to kiss people when you liked them. He said that was all right, but sometimes kissing was bad—like when married men and ladies kissed other people that they weren't married to—"

His voice trailed off and he stared into space as if trying to marshal his thoughts into some sort of order.

I thought to myself that the Rector had bungled his explanation much as I had anticipated, but I could still see no reason for whipping the child.

"Yes, dear?" I prompted.

Alwyn recalled his wandering thoughts with a start. His eyes widened and darkened and his voice became a throaty murmur. "So I asked him how

from page 52

could that be wrong, because he did it himself. He wanted to know what I meant and I told him I had seen him kissing Joy Thomas when she used to work for us. Then he got mad and said I was telling lies, and he whipped me and whipped me and told me never to tell such wicked lies again."

Grief had given place to anger as he dwelt on the injustice. "I didn't tell lies, Miss Vicary," he insisted. "I did see him."

I felt as if someone had hit me a savage blow between the eyes. I saw, all too plainly, the reason for Alwyn's grief. I saw more, too—much, much more than I would rather not have seen. As I realised the full implications of the child's words, my heart began to pound sickeningly and I felt I must choke.

We stared at each other, speechless. Then the child's eyes widened in sudden terror and I looked up from him to encounter the cold, blue stare of the Reverend William Meredith.

In that moment of revelation, as our eyes met, we exchanged a wordless message: on his part, a challenge; on mine, acknowledgment—and cold menace. I knew too much and we both realised it. He spoke, and his voice was even and normal. "Good evening, Miss Vicary. My wife is expecting you. Come, Alwyn. It is time you were in bed."

SMILING gently, the Rector put out his arms to the boy, but, with a whimper, Alwyn shrank back and clung to me. A flicker of pain showed in the man's eyes, but his voice remained controlled and expressionless.

"Come, my son. You must come to bed. If you wish, Miss Vicary will come with us and talk to you while you are undressing. You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

It was fantastic. My chief impulse was to get away, out of the nightmare, as quickly as I could. I stammered something about coming another evening, when the household was less disturbed, but he took not heed and the child turned on me such a look of bitter reproach that my heart sank.

"Vera would be most disappointed," said the Rector politely. "Come, my dear. We can't let you go now!" I sensed the menace beneath the conventional words and shivered as he took my arm. His fingers, hard and bony, bit into my flesh with surprising strength and I had no choice. Whatever the outcome, my only course was to go with him into the Rectory that loomed, grey and forbidding, in front of us.

A light shone from the room upstairs where the sick woman lay. I knew that the Rector was thinking rapidly, planning how to deal with the situation, and realised that my danger was acute. I could only wait on events and hope to outwit him. A picture of Miss Withers, as I had last seen her, rose unbidden before my eyes and I shuddered involuntarily. He felt the shiver, but gave no sign, save for a slight tightening of the fingers that held my arm so remorselessly.

Alwyn, calmed by our apparent normality, was more cheerful now and chattered to us as we walked in the door and up the stairs to his room. His father answered him quietly and I was amazed at the contradictions in the man's character. For a moment I was tempted to believe that I was letting my imagination run away with me, but cold reason

assured me that I had not imagined that scene in the garden, nor the message I had received from those icy, killer's eyes.

Somehow, I had to get out of the Rectory and find help before that unspoken threat could be executed.

For the time being, however, I was helpless, and, to steady myself, I concentrated on making Alwyn happy before he settled down to sleep. He allowed his father to help him with his undressing, but he was still wary. Childlike, he longed to regain his father's favor, but the shattering of his idol had been too sudden for him to recover easily.

As he pulled on his pyjamas, I glimpsed the red weals still showing on his thin little body and was moved and shocked. Under stress of panic and an overburdened conscience, Mr. Meredith had evidently lost control of himself completely for a time. He had regained control now, but I knew that that made him even more dangerous. He tucked Alwyn into bed. I leaned over and lightly kissed the small, weary face, carefully repressing any emotion, and wished him "good-night" cheerfully. Whatever the night held for me, it was important that the child settle into a normal, peaceful sleep without any further upset or strain.

As I straightened from the bed, I felt the Rector's hand take my arm once more and I was led into the next room to his sick wife. Here I received my second shock of the evening. Mrs. Meredith's health was never good and I had not taken this latest illness seriously, but, looking down at her as she lay passively among her pillows, I realised that she was desperately ill. Even to my untrained eyes, the signs were obvious enough. She roused herself at my approach and made a pitiful attempt at animation.

"Ah, Noel, my dear. It was nice of you to come. I'm sorry you find me in bed, but I hope to be up soon. There is so much to do and William needs me now, don't you, dear?"

"I always need you," he said heavily. Surprisingly, I felt his sincerity. It was true. He had always needed her. Plain, dull, and seemingly ineffectual as she was, he needed her quietness and her unassuming strength. Her pale face flushed faintly at his words and she smiled at him with fond pride.

I felt sick, and, as I looked at his tortured face, felt an unwilling spasm of pity for him. If my guesses were accurate, he had probably succumbed to Joy's blatant temptations in a moment of weakness and, from that fatal moment, had become involved in a hopeless tangle from which he had only been able to extricate himself by violence which had, in turn, led to still further violence.

Thinking of those further crimes, my heart hardened again and I was recalled to my own danger as he spoke.

"Noel has come to say good-bye, Vera. She will be leaving us shortly." His eyes were fixed on mine and, once again, I was aware of the smooth threat underlying the conventional words. Blasphemy, unconscious of any undercurrent, and valiantly striving for her habitual politeness, Mrs. Meredith tried to make conversation.

"Yes. You have been transferred, too, haven't you? But you'll be coming back here, won't you? How do you feel about spending the rest of your days in Sutton? We have been happy enough here, but, of course, this move is wonderful for us. I'm so proud to think

New TROUBLE-FREE home perm has instant nation-wide success



She's happy—SHE'S FOUND PROM

All over Australia, women of all ages are discovering how easily trouble-free Prom gives them the best perm they ever had.

**NO NEUTRALIZER NEEDED—
that's the secret.
Prom perms perfectly in
one easy operation.**

Just wet your hair with Prom. Curl it up. Water rinse after 30 minutes, and leave it to dry naturally on the curlers—overnight if you prefer. No neutralizer needed for this glorious, fail-proof perm. Your hair will look and behave like naturally wavy hair. Yours to revel in.

13/9



USE WITH ANY
HOME-PERM CURLERS

A Gillette product.

Someone's been here
with Brasso!



The Quality Polish
for Brass & Copper

What brightness a touch of Brasso gives to brass and copper! What beauty it brings to any room! Always use Brasso for quicker, easier polishing.

BRASSO

FIRE IN THE WATER

By Peggy Simson Curry

Rugged herring fishermen and their forthright women make a brisk pace in this vigorous novel set in a Scottish village.

15/- From all Booksellers

To page 55

**SKIN
IRRITATIONS?**

USE THE ONE AND ONLY
Safe Effective



American fashions

in four exciting **B** fabrics!

Direct from our fashion buyers in New York come these wonderful new **B** separates. Budget-priced gems that will give your Summer wardrobe a touch of American glamour. . . . and such rich, lush fabrics! Only **B** can bring you these fabulous colours . . . these luxurious textures that wash and wash without fading or shrinking! See the dozens of exciting new **B** fashions at your nearest store— but be sure you look for the **B** label.



TER-RAY romper suit about 58/10



SUEDE-VELVET batwing sweater about 58/10



BEAVERLURE party sweater about 42/-



JERSI-CORD blouse about 39/1

Jones Brothers Pty. Limited, Campbell and Smith Streets, Sydney, exclusive manufacturers and distributors of

Beaverlure
is registered! It's an exclusive **B** product

Ter-ray

Jersi-cord

Suede-velvet

Look for
this label



William has won the recognition he deserves. He has worked so hard for it."

He had indeed! I struggled with mounting hysteria while I tried to maintain the deceptive conversation. As I vainly hunted for a way out of the intolerable situation, my eyes strayed to the door. Mr. Meredith caught my glance and quietly moved so that he stood between me and the doorway. I wondered what was in his mind. He couldn't very well kill me in the Rectory, so he must surely let me go. I put him to the test.

"Mrs. Meredith," I said firmly, "you really aren't well enough to have visitors. I must go." I rose to my feet, but the Rector's hand pressed me back into the chair.

"Now, my dear, we can't let you go yet." He glanced out of the window as he spoke and I realised that, although the light was fading, night had not yet fallen. Evidently he intended to keep me there until it was quite dark and there was less risk of meeting anyone on the road home. I thought of the long, dark road that stretched between me and safety and my panic mounted. I controlled myself firmly. Whatever happened, my life depended on my self-control.

Taking her cue from him, as always, Mrs. Meredith dutifully continued to play hostess, although the effort was obviously exhausting her. The nightmare conversation continued until I felt I must break and run screaming from the room. Mr. Meredith watched me intently. Was this what he waited for? The moment when my nerve broke?

I glared at him defiantly and shrank from the sudden glitter in his eyes. For the first time, I began to doubt his sanity.

The tension was broken by Mrs. Meredith. For some time her voice had been growing fainter and her contribution to the conversation becoming less frequent. Suddenly she abandoned all pretence and a moan forced itself from her pale lips. Startled, we turned to her. She seemed to have forgotten me.

Continuing

Murder Among Those Present

(from page 53)

for she turned her eyes imploringly to her husband.

"I'm sorry, William, but I can't bear this pain any longer. My tablets. Tony said I could have more if the pain got too bad. He was going to get the chemist to send down some more. Did they come?"

"Yes. They're still on the hall table."

"Please fetch them, dear. And hurry!"

The speech had exhausted her. She lay back on her pillows and closed her eyes. Her husband looked at her anxiously and then glanced doubtfully at me.

"Let me get them?" I volunteered.

He wasn't going to fall for that. "You stay here!" he ordered brusquely. Evidently deciding that I couldn't escape in the short while it would take him to run downstairs and back, he moved to the door. If I was to escape at all, this was my chance. Slight though it seemed, I had to take it. I thought of the window, but realised that I would only risk a broken leg that way. Slipping off my shoes, I hurried to the door, opened it noiselessly and glanced into the passageway.

A dim light showed me two doors opening on to it on the other side. Swiftly I stole towards the one nearest the stairs, opened it and hid myself in the darkness of the room behind it.

Even as I pushed the door quietly shut, I heard the Rector remounting the stairs. My desperate plan was to wait until he passed me on his way to the bedroom and then make my dash for the front door. I prayed it was not locked, as even a moment's delay would be too long. To my delight, help came from an unexpected quarter. As the man's steps came nearer, a scream suddenly split the air, chilling me to the heart until I recognised it as the cry of a frightened child.

Alwyn had wakened from a nightmare, due, probably, to his experiences earlier in the evening. The unreasoning screams continued, and from his mother's room her faint voice called, trying to reassure him. The Rector muttered impatiently, but he turned towards the child's room and I heard the click of the light switch and his voice speaking soothingly.

I waited no longer. Holding my breath, I crept down the stairs, keeping close to the wall, and praying that they would not creak. I gained the hall undetected and in a matter of seconds was fumbling with the heavy door. It swung open and I breathed more easily as I felt the cool darkness close around me. I pulled the door shut without a sound, paused for only a second to slip on my shoes, and then I was running, running through the night.

I SUPPOSE I could have hidden in the darkness of the tangled shrubbery and, perhaps, been safe, but my only thought was to put the greatest possible distance between me and the menace that lay behind. I knew I might have only a few minutes' grace and I had to make the most of them.

Briefly I wondered what Mrs. Meredith had thought of my precipitate departure, but decided she had probably been unaware of it. She had seemed to be almost in a stupor when I left, although her motherly love had roused her sufficiently to answer Alwyn's screams. In any case, I had had no time for politeness.

Like a mad thing I sped along the winding path, only to catch my toe on a spreading root and fall headlong. Picking myself up and gasping to regain the breath that had been driven from me, I strained my ears for sounds of pursuit, but could hear nothing. Reassured, I ran on, through the gate and on to the road that stretched white in the moonlight.

I glanced at the moon, bright and full, and longed for cloud. In the light clothes I wore I would be plainly visible to anyone searching for me.

My frantic footsteps rang noisily on the hard road and I swerved on to the grass that bordered it. I could run no longer and had to content myself with walking as quickly as possible, hugging the shelter of the thick hedge that edged the paddocks on either side. I had often admired the hawthorn and briar hedges that reminded me of picture postcards of England, but now I cursed them and longed for an ugly post-and-rail fence that would have given me easy access to the paddocks beyond.

From time to time I tried to force an opening in the hedge, but each time fell back, scratched and bleeding, and decided to waste no more time. I still could hear no following footsteps and I began to hope that I might be allowed to escape.

The hope died at birth, for I heard a sound behind me: not the footsteps I had been dreading, but the soft, sinister swish of rubber tyres on the road. I had forgotten his bicycle—the bicycle that had enabled him to move swiftly from place to place and which was such a familiar sight that no one in Sutton would notice it.

I froze to immobility, shrinking back into the shadows, but I was too late. Almost soundlessly that homely messenger of death swerved across the grass towards me and I had to dodge to avoid being struck. Equally silently the dark-clad form of the rider leapt from the saddle and barred my progress.

We faced each other without speaking; each awaiting the other's move. If I had to die, it was not going to be without a struggle, I determined grimly. I was young and vigorous and I was on guard. This would be very different from the other

killings—an unsuspecting girl and two old folk! At last he spoke, his voice reaching me as though from a great distance.

"I'm really sorry about this, Noel, but you must realise that I can't let you go. I should have killed you before, but I hesitated, wondering whether or not you really knew anything. Now it is quite different."

He might have been reasoning with an obtuse child. His tone was quiet and pleasant—almost pleading with me to understand. Again I doubted his sanity.

"Whatever I know, or guess, I have no proof," I countered.

"True, but you would talk and that would start inquiries. Even if nothing were ever proved, the merest breath of suspicion would be enough to injure me in my profession and that must not happen. The work of the Lord must go on."

Undoubtedly the man was quite mad. Perhaps I could keep him talking. The longer I delayed him, the greater the chance of someone coming along the road. Remote as that chance was, it was my only hope and it was worth trying.

"Does the work of the Lord include the killing of innocent girls?" I asked sceptically. He wilfully chose to misinterpret me.

"Joy Thomas was no innocent girl," he thundered. "She was a handmaid of the Devil, sent to corrupt me and turn me from my work. I merely sent her back to her master!"

It was the fanciest piece of rationalisation I had heard in years, but no more fantastic than the rest of this incredible nightmare. I wondered whether he really believed it himself. It was quite possible. "And Mr. Devlin?" I asked.

"He was old, and he had lived a good life. He would receive his reward in heaven. Our Lord was waiting to receive him."

Yes, He believed it all right! "What about Miss Withers?" She was no saint."

"Meddlesome old shrew," he said viciously, with a startling reversion of style. "She would have undone all my work!"

He evidently realised that he was wasting time. He moved purposefully and I dodged, trying to dash past him. I would have more chance of defending myself on the open road. His long arms shot out with incredible speed, and, once again, I felt the clutch of those hard, bony fingers. I made a last effort to delay him.

"You can't hope to get away with this," I panted. "People know I have been at the Rectory tonight. The police are bound to suspect you."

"I think not," he said evenly. "You left the Rectory alive and well. Unfortunately I could not accompany you home, as my wife was so ill. It will be so sad to think that you met Sutton's maniac on the way. I will be most upset! With you gone, there will be no one to suspect me."

"What about Alwyn?"

"I can deal with Alwyn. When we leave here, he will forget all this. He is so young. I can make him forget tonight. It is a pity that I lost my head, but I will repay him. He will soon love and trust me as before."

I doubted it, but I was too busy to argue. Taking him by surprise, I kicked viciously at his shins and felt a momentary satisfaction at his grunt of pain. It failed to loosen his grasp of me, however, and I began to struggle in earnest. His hands were fumbling for my throat. Desperately I fought him off, kicking, biting, and scratching; twisting wildly to evade those clutching hands, feeling my strength gradually ebbing.

Strong though I was, I was no match for a man rendered desperate by madness and panic. The cruel fingers found my throat; shifted and tightened remorselessly. I tore at them with frantic hands, trying to lessen the relentless pressure that drove the blood to my head.

To page 60

Models brush up their smiles 3 Wisdom ways during conclusive toothbrush test!

We gave beautiful June Dally-Watkins and two of the other lovely girls at her famous Sydney model Agency, three Wisdom toothbrushes each—a Flexi-brush, a nylon bristle Wisdom, a pure bristle Wisdom. The girls tried all the toothbrushes in the famous Wisdom range and told us about the one they liked best.

Read what June and the girls had to say:



FRAN WILKINS

"I'm a Wisdom Flexi-brush fan. Flexi-brush sweeps teeth clean—inside, outside, in between."



PEG WILLIAMS

"I've always used natural bristles and I'll stick to them. I'm certainly glad to find Wisdom make a natural-bristled toothbrush."



June Dally-Watkins

"Wisdom's pretty gem-cut handles and jewel colors took the girls' fancy straight away. I recommend Wisdom all the time at my Agency because it's the only brand that really safeguards your smile—and a beautiful smile is so important to a model's career. Try the toothbrush test yourself—you'll be a Wisdom fan, too."

Wisdom

Toothbrushes by Addis

with Round-ended Bristles to brush both teeth and gums
All in the Crystal plastic pack

Nylon Bristle, 2/- Flexi-brush, 2/4 Pure Bristle, 2/4

Count up all the minutes you'll save... with



spread-at-a-stroke cream-in-a-twink ...



new, simply delicious new Meadow-lea!

Great news! Your favourite, sunny-sweet Meadow-lea now churned to *silky smoothness* from an amazing new formula just perfected by leading food scientists! Now you can run up sandwiches in half the time... spread toast in a jiffy... break all speed records with your cakes and biscuits, scones and pastries! Try wonderful new, smooth-spreading Meadow-lea to-day! It's more delicious than ever... just simply melts in your mouth! So good for you, too... each golden pound is enriched with precious Vitamin A!

Extra value... but still the same low price



From a Tin of Soup...

● The good housewife will keep a stock of tinned soups on her pantry shelves to add flavor and nourishment to basic dishes and make them more attractive.

TINNED soups save work and time. A tin of vegetable soup, for instance, provides a quick way of adding vegetables to a casserole or stew; tomato soup is a good foundation for a savory sauce, and mushroom soup is just right for any a la king dish.

Tinned soups can be used in concentrated form or they can be diluted with water or milk.

All spoon measurements are level.

MUSHROOM TUNA CASSEROLE

One tin mushroom soup, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup evaporated milk (also called unsweetened condensed milk), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup fresh milk, 2 dessertspoons butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{4}$ tablespoons flour, 1 medium-sized tin tuna or any other fish, squeeze lemon juice, 1 cup cooked green peas, 1 cup crushed potato crisps, red pepper, parsley.

Mix soup, evaporated milk, and fresh milk. Melt butter or substitute, add flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes without browning. Stir in soup and milks. Continue stirring until boiling, add flaked fish, lemon juice, peas, and potato crisps. Fill into ramekin dishes, reheat in moderate oven. Garnish with red pepper and parsley. Add a border of crushed potato crisps if desired.

MUSHROOM SCALLOPED POTATOES

Potatoes, onions, flour, salt, cayenne pepper, melted shortening, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup concentrated mushroom soup.

Peel potatoes and onions, slice thinly. Arrange in alternate layers in greased ovenware dish, sprinkling each layer lightly with flour, salt, and cayenne pepper. Drizzle with melted shortening. Add sufficient concentrated mushroom soup to nearly cover potatoes. Bake in moderate oven 1 hour or until browned.

HAM AND CHICKEN CROQUETTES WITH MUSHROOM SAUCE

Two cups flaked cooked chicken or rabbit meat, 2oz. chopped ham, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup thick white sauce, 1 tablespoon grated onion, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, flour, pepper and salt, egg-glazing, soft white breadcrumbs.

Mix chicken or rabbit meat, ham, sauce, onion, and parsley. Spread on flat plate to cool. Shape a tablespoon at a time into pyramid croquettes. Coat lightly with flour, pepper and salt, dip in egg-glazing. Coat with crumbs, pressing crumbs on lightly with flexible knife blade. Deep fry golden brown in hot oil or turning fat. Serve with mushroom sauce, garnish with parsley.

Mushroom Sauce: Sauté 2oz. chopped peeled mushrooms in a small quantity of butter or substitute. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup diluted mushroom soup (mixed according to directions



on tin). Thicken with blended flour, serve hot.

RABBIT AND CELERY CASSEROLE

One rabbit, 2 or 3 bacon rashers, $\frac{1}{2}$ cups soft breadcrumbs, 1 small onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, salt and pepper to taste, 2 cups celery soup prepared with milk according to directions on tin.

Soak rabbit $\frac{1}{2}$ hour in salted water. Cut into joints. Simmer until barely tender in boiling salted water. Drain, wrap each joint in a piece of bacon, first removing rind. Grease an ovenware dish, sprinkle lightly with some of the breadcrumbs. Pack rabbit in, sprinkle with balance of breadcrumbs, chopped onion, and parsley, salt and pepper to taste. Pour in celery soup. Cover and bake in moderate oven $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 hour.

VEAL AND VEGETABLE BAKE

One tablespoon butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped onion, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. to 2lb. veal chops, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup tomato juice or puree, 1 cup prepared vegetable soup, 3 teaspoons flour blended smoothly with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water and a little gravy browning, salt and pepper to taste, chopped parsley.

Sauté chopped onion in melted butter or substitute, add chops and allow to brown lightly on both sides. Remove chops and place in a casserole. Add tomato juice or puree to pan, then soup, blended flour and gravy browning. Stir until boiling,

simmer 2 or 3 minutes. Season with salt and pepper, pour over chops. Cover and bake in moderate oven until chops are quite tender. Sprinkle thickly with chopped parsley before serving.

BEEF AND MACARONI CASSEROLE

One tablespoon butter or substitute, 1 small onion, 1lb. minced steak, 2 cups cooked macaroni, 1 medium tin concentrated tomato soup, salt and pepper to taste, chopped parsley.

Peel and slice onion, cook in melted butter or substitute until soft but not browned. Add minced steak, cook until browned lightly. Stir in macaroni and tomato soup.

By OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERTS

Season with salt and pepper. Turn into greased casserole, cover, bake in moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes. Sprinkle thickly with chopped parsley before serving.

HADDOCK A LA SPENCER

One pound haddock or Scotch fillets or Cape fillets, $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon, small quantity milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{1}{4}$ cup crushed savory biscuit crumbs or crushed cheese biscuit crumbs, melted butter or substitute, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 dessertspoon

flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup concentrated asparagus soup, 2 or 3 quartered or coarsely chopped hard-boiled eggs.

Wash and dry fish, rub with cut lemon, cover with cold water, bring slowly to boil, drain. Cut into service-size pieces, dip in milk, coat with crushed biscuit crumbs. Place in greased ovenware dish, drizzle melted shortening over until well moistened. Bake in hot oven 10 to 15 minutes or until flesh is soft and flaky. Melt one dessertspoon butter, add flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes. Stir in milk and soup, continue stirring until boiling. Fold in eggs, serve with the hot fish.

OVEN-POACHED EGGS IN TOMATO SOUP

One tablespoon butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely chopped onion, 6 eggs, salt, pepper, 1 cup concentrated tomato soup, chopped parsley, toast fingers.

Melt butter or substitute, add onion. Cook over medium heat 3 or 4 minutes until soft and yellow but not browned. Divide between 6 individual ramekin dishes. Break an egg into each, dust lightly with salt and pepper. Spoon tomato soup over each one. Bake in moderate oven until eggs are set. Sprinkle with chopped parsley before serving with toast fingers.

SAUSAGE AND RICE CASSEROLE

One pound sausages, small quantity shortening, 1 dessertspoon grated

TINNED MUSHROOM SOUP adds flavor to the dishes illustrated above. Dishes included are mushroom tuna casserole, mushroom scalloped potatoes, and ham and chicken croquettes with mushroom sauce.

or scraped onion, 1 large grated carrot, 3 cups cooked rice, 1 medium tin tomato soup, salt and pepper to taste, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cooked peas.

Skin sausages (or use sausage mince), brown in small quantity hot shortening, stirring constantly to keep separated. When browned stir in onion, carrot, rice, and tomato soup. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Fold in cooked peas. Turn into greased casserole, bake $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 hour in moderate oven. Serve hot.

SHRIMP CREOLE

Quarter cup finely chopped celery, 1 medium-sized onion, 3 dessertspoons melted butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup concentrated tomato soup, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. shelled prawns, lemon juice to taste, 2 cups cooked rice, salt, cayenne pepper.

Cook chopped celery and peeled chopped onion in melted butter or substitute until quite soft. Stir in water and soup, simmer 10 to 15 minutes. Add prawns (chopped in halves if large), season to taste with lemon juice, salt and cayenne pepper. Pour over hot rice, serve at once.



Only EGGS give you...

► So much food with so little waste!

Even a single egg is a meal in itself... rich in every food element the human body needs! More economical, too, because there is not a single particle of waste!

► Such cooking economy!

Eggs can be cooked so quickly and easily... and served in so many delicious ways! Try them boiled, fried, poached, scrambled... as an egg nog... and in every cooking recipe!

ONLY EGGS CONTAIN

Protein: Twice as rich as any other food, including lean, red meat.

Vitamins: Contain Vitamins A, B, D, E, F, G, H and K, as found in vegetables, milk products, wheat germ and yeast.

Minerals: All the essential minerals, including blood-enriching iron, as contained in fresh fruits and whole grains.

EGGS

TO PROLONG FRESHNESS
STORE IN A COOL PLACE



AUTHORISED BY THE
EGG PRODUCERS COUNCIL

Cold sweet wins £5

This week's winners:

- Charlotte chantilly
- Scalloped oysters
- Veal casserole with green dumplings
- Seven-fruit jam

AN attractive easy-to-make cold sweet, which has a rich creamy custard in a shell of jellied sponge fingers, tops this week's list of prizewinners.

Save the consolation prize-winning jam recipe until the grape season, as it requires two pounds of grapes. This delicious jam has an unusual, tantalising flavor, the result of combining small quantities of seven different fruits.

Other recipes for scalloped oysters and veal casserole with green dumplings are worthy prize-winners.

All spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

CHARLOTTE CHANTILLY

One pint red jelly, sliced bananas, stale sponge or cake fingers, 3 tablespoons sherry, 1 tin evaporated milk made up to 1 pint with fresh milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon gelatine softened in 2 tablespoons water, vanilla essence, cream.

Set a little jelly in wetted mould. Add sliced bananas, barely cover with jelly, allow to set. Line mould with sponge fingers dipped in sherry. Place a smaller mould in centre, weight down. Fill large mould with balance of jelly, set. Stir milk, sugar, and beaten eggs over boiling water until thickened to custard consistency. Cool, add gelatine. Flavor with sherry or vanilla. Fill small mould with warm water, lift carefully out. Fill cavity with cold custard. Chill. Unmould, serve with cream.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. W. G. Fredericks, Mary St., Malanda, N. Queensland.

SCALLOPED OYSTERS

Two dozen oysters, 2 cups crushed savory biscuit crumbs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup melted butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup oyster liquid, 2 tablespoons cream, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, dash cayenne pepper, 2 tablespoons sherry.

Drain oysters, reserving $\frac{1}{2}$ cup liquid. Combine biscuit crumbs and butter or substitute. Use one-third to cover base of one large or 5 small greased ovenproof dishes. Add a layer of oysters, using half the oysters. Combine remain-

Importance of pre-natal diet

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

LISTED below are some of the more important reasons why careful attention should be paid to the diet in the pre-natal period.

- To maintain daily strength and to keep fit.
- To provide needed materials for the developing baby.
- To build up the muscular tone of the body in preparation for labor.
- To ensure a more rapid regaining of normal strength after birth of the child.



FOR A "SPECIAL" DINNER here are a tasty oyster entree and a luscious sweet. The prizewinning veal casserole with dumplings would make a good main dish. See recipes.

ing ingredients, spoon half over oysters. Cover with layer of biscuit crumbs, remaining oysters, then balance of liquid. Top with remaining crumbs, dot with extra shortening. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes. Serve hot.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. T. D. Kenny, Murton Ave., Holland Park, Brisbane.

VEAL CASSEROLE WITH GREEN DUMPLINGS

One and a half pounds veal steak, $\frac{1}{4}$ tablespoons flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper, 2 tablespoons fat, 1 cup water, 1 bay leaf, 6 peppercorns, 3 cloves, 6 small white onions.

Green Dumplings: One cup cooked peas, 1 teaspoon grated onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 tablespoon melted butter or substitute, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup self-raising flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup breadcrumbs.

Coat veal with seasoned flour. Brown all over in hot fat. Drain off excess fat, add water, bay leaf, peppercorns, and cloves. Cook in covered casserole in moderate oven $\frac{3}{4}$ hour. Add peeled onions, cook until steak and onions are barely tender. Prepare dumplings. Mix peas with onion, salt, pepper, melted shorten-

ing, and beaten egg. Fold in sifted flour and breadcrumbs. Drop a teaspoonful at a time on to meat mixture. Cover, cook 20 minutes. Serve hot.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. R. Corbett, 13 Trenerry Crescent, Abbotsford, Vic.

SEVEN-FRUIT JAM

Two pounds grapes, 2lb. tomatoes, 2 pears, $\frac{1}{2}$ quince, $\frac{1}{2}$ small pineapple, 2 apples, juice of 2 lemons, sugar.

Wash fruit, cut into chunky pieces without removing skin. Boil gently until quite tender. Rub through coarse strainer. Measure and add 1 cup sugar to each cup of fruit pulp. Add lemon juice, bring quickly to boiling point. Boil steadily until mixture jells when tested. Bottle hot, seal when cold.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. P. Hutchinson, Freemans Reach, via Windsor, N.S.W.

Kitchen Notions

EQUAL amounts of chopped raisins and nuts moistened with orange juice make a delicious and nutritious sandwich filling.

WHEN cooking peas or beans, for a change try the addition of one or two bacon rinds.

VARY your most popular chocolate cake recipe by adding half teaspoon cinnamon and 1 dessertspoon rum to a mixture containing 8oz. flour. Flavor the icing with rum, too.

A DESSERTSPOON or more of peanut butter added to warm icing gives an unusual nutty flavor—try it on plain cakes, coffee, orange, or caraway-seed cakes.

IF a junket refuses to set, do not discard it. Keep in the refrigerator or ice-chest, and when making scones in the next day or two use it to mix them in place of milk.



A Slide for the Kids

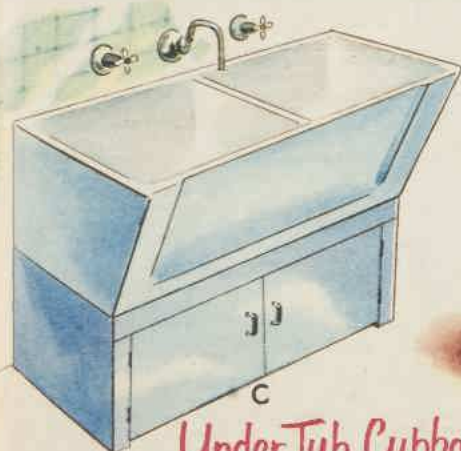
All kiddies love a slippery-slide . . . Build it out-of-doors with a sturdy hardwood frame. No fear of splinters from Masonite's satin-smooth surface!

B Door linings for the "Bomb"

When the door linings on the old car begin to go, replace them with shaped Masonite panels. Easy—and smart!

Things will be looking neater, brighter, newer around your place when you start building and renovating with versatile Masonite! Masonite's smooth, hard-wearing surface—painted, or used in its natural colour—forms an admirable finish. Start your man-about-the-house thinking in terms of Masonite . . . tell him the only tools he'll need are a hammer and a saw, because Masonite is so easy to use. Masonite is economical, too: those big 12' x 4' sheets go a long way, as the illustrations show. These are just a few ideas of what you can do with a sheet of TEMPERED Presdwood.

It's wonderful what you can do
with **ONE** sheet of Masonite!

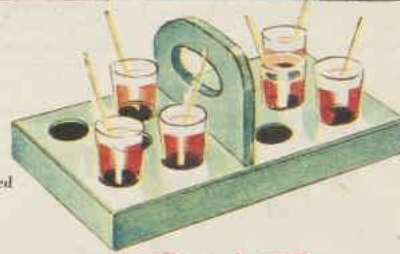


C Under Tub Cupboards

A light wooden framework plus some Masonite—and that waste space in the laundry is converted into a storage cupboard for soaps, starch, buckets, etc.

D Swedish Table

Make this modern, decorative coffee table for your lounge. The smooth Masonite top can be polished or lacquered to perfection.

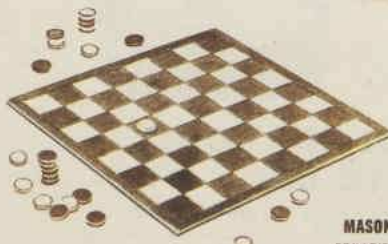


E Drink Tray

. . . A convenient and attractive means of serving drinks to your guests. You'll find it's easily made from Masonite.

F Draught Board

What better than a game of draughts in the evening? Use the leftover piece from the Masonite sheet to make the board . . . Paint alternate squares white, leaving the others in natural Masonite.



MASONITE CORPORATION (AUSTRALIA) LIMITED
PRINCIPAL SALES OFFICE: 533 Collins Street, Melbourne

STATE SALES OFFICES:
369 Pitt Street, Sydney
282 Queen Street, Brisbane
31 Chesser Street, Adelaide

INSIST ON Air-wick to kill unpleasant indoor smells

—because only Air-wick contains 125 compounds as used by nature to kill smells—plus miracle-working, air-freshening CHLOROPHYLL



Air-wick kills stale tobacco smells before they have time to settle on curtains and upholstery. Open Air-wick whenever smokers light up. Always before a party starts.



Air-wick kills offensive paint smells. Place Air-wick high in the room when you start painting. You'll get none of those persistent "painting" smells. It's a miracle smell-killer.



Air-wick—in sick rooms! Even in the serious cases of illness Air-wick keeps air beautifully fresh. When you change baby's nappies—that's another time for Air-wick.

The first time you use Air-wick you'll know it works. Try it out on boiling cabbage. Isn't that the toughest smell-killing test of all? We give you a money-back guarantee that once you start using Air-wick there need never be an unpleasant smell in your home. **HERE'S HOW AIR-WICK WORKS ITS MAGIC.** It's nature's miracle. Just place the Air-wick bottle above the smell and pull up the wick. As Air-wick evaporates it descends for the vapor is heavier than air. The compounds in Air-wick meet the smells as they rise and

"pair" with them. Neutralising them! Killing them utterly.

Air-wick is the only air-freshener that uses all of these compounds. The only air-freshener that uses miracle working chlorophyll. Everything in Air-wick is safe because when you use it you're breathing in the freshness of your garden. No danger of harming delicate membranes of nose or throat.

For that reason you must insist on Air-wick. Only Air-wick works in this unique way to kill unpleasant household smells utterly.

Regularly used in over 500,000 Australian homes, shops, factories and offices!



Use Air-wick in your kitchen every day.

COSTS LESS THAN ONE PENNY PER DAY TO USE

On sale at all chemists, grocers, hardware and general stores.
HORLICKS PTY. LTD.

Continuing . . . Murder Among Those Present *[from page 55]*

and threatened my breathing. The thought of my dear love came to me with unbearable longing.

"Tony!" cried my heart, but I knew that only a foul, animal gargle came from my swollen lips. A myriad of strange lights whirled around me and there was a wild, rushing noise in my ears. I felt myself falling, falling into a filthy blackness from which there would be no return.

"Tony!" cried my heart, and a voice echoed it. "Tony! Tony!" it mocked shrilly, faint and far away. "Tony!" it repeated, nearer now, and oddly familiar. "Tony!" called the voice again, and, with a shock, I recognised it as my own.

Dazed, I opened my eyes, shut them quickly as pain shot through me; and then tentatively opened them again. My first impression was of light, blessed light that eddied around me and fell warmly across my face. Cautiously I let my eyes move, not yet thinking clearly, but simply absorbing impressions.

I lay in a narrow, white bed and I studied with interest its rigid, clinical neatness. It told me not a thing. Although even the slightest move hurt, I continued the cautious scrutiny of my surroundings. The room was quite unfamiliar to me—a pleasant room certainly, but oddly impersonal, and I wondered, vaguely and without much concern, just where I was, and why.

"If this is heaven," I thought pettishly, "it has been grossly overrated."

Brisk footsteps sounded close to me and a white-robed figure moved into my range of vision.

"You're no angel!" I assured the beaming, round, good-natured face that bent over me.

"Don't be pert!" said Matron Harley, giving my hand a gentle slap. "Did I hear you calling?"

"Did you? I don't know. Perhaps I called. Yes. Yes, I did. I called Tony."

"He's not far away. I'll fetch him."

She left without giving me a chance to voice the questions that were beginning to clamor for utterance, and, in a few minutes, the tall, well-loved figure stood by my side. I greeted his appearance with a shrill of unkind mirth.

"Tony, darling! That shiner! Did you walk into a lamp-post?"

His good eye glared at me. "Don't be so smug. Have you had a look at yourself? You wouldn't win any beauty competitions at the moment. Matron, give her a mirror."

Horried, I gazed at the face that met me as I lifted the looking-glass.

"Tony!" I gasped. "What on earth—" Memory suddenly shook me and, with a gasp, I dropped the mirror on to the bed and began to shiver violently.

"Steady, my dear. Steady! It's all over." Strong arms held me, gently but firmly. Whimpering, I pressed my face against the stiff, white coat, and clung to him until the shuddering ceased.

"I'm all right now," I murmured at last, ashamed of my weakness. "What has happened, Tony? How did I get here?"

"Save the questions till later, sweetheart. I'll tell you the

whole story when you are stronger."

"I want to know now," I insisted stubbornly.

"Later! I have work to do. Matron will have some food sent in to you. You eat that and then have a nice long sleep. I'll come in again this afternoon and, if I'm satisfied with you, I'll answer all your questions then."

"Pig!" I said rudely, but I had already learnt that there was no arguing with Tony when he chose to turn professional. Meekly I obeyed instructions, finding the food more interesting than I had expected, despite the soreness of my throat. Equally meekly I swallowed the small, white tablets that the cheerful little nurse handed me, and lay back on the pillow, feeling quite certain that I couldn't possibly sleep. I slept almost immediately.

I woke with a sense of well-being. The late afternoon sun still lingered in my room and gleamed on a huge bowl of roses that were filling the room with their fragrance. I turned my head to admire them more comfortably and became aware of a long figure stretched in a chair beside the bed.

I studied him in silence for a moment, letting my eyes dwell with aching tenderness on the dark hair that tumbled across his forehead, on the tired lines of his face, and on the poor swollen eyelids. For a moment it was enough just to be alive and savor the joy of his presence. Then the questions began again, urgent and compelling, and I knew peace had fled.

"Tony!" I said urgently. He opened his eyes and sat up at once.

"All right. All right," he said amiably. He seated himself on the bed, in blatant defiance of Matron, and, taking my hand, began to play with my fingers, flexing them absently as he searched for words.

"Start at the beginning," I suggested helpfully. "How did I get here? The last thing I remember was struggling on the road. I thought I was dying."

"You very nearly did. I only just got to you in time."

"You? How did you get there?"

"I wasn't happy about Mrs. Meredith's condition, and after I finished in the surgery I decided to run down and see how she was. Thank heaven I did! When I saw you two struggling in the road—" His voice choked and I had to prompt him to go on.

"As soon as he realised that he had been seen, he dropped you and tried to get away. He wasn't quick enough!" The grimness of his tone told me more than his words. I could imagine only too vividly the ugly battle that had been fought out on the lonely road.

"He might have killed you," I whispered, remembering the appalling strength of those vicious hands.

"Not a hope," said Tony tersely. "I am younger and stronger than he. Besides," he added, after a slight pause, "I'm afraid I saw red for a time. I didn't know whether you were alive or dead." Memory of those dreadful minutes silenced him again.

"Go on," I prompted. "What happened next?"

"I managed to knock him cold. Fortunately I had some old rope in the boot of the

Printed by Compress Printing Limited for the publisher, Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

To page 61

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—September 16, 1953

car, so I trussed him up securely and attended to you. I knew I had to get you to hospital quickly, so I left him on the side of the road and rang the police from here. They went out and brought him in."

"Where is he now?"
"In the gaol in Hobart. I believe he is actually in the prison hospital."

"Did you injure him so badly?"

"No, but he went to pieces when he realised the game was up. He was raving when he left here and I'll be surprised if he ever regains his sanity."

"He must have been mad all the time."

"As sane as any murderer, I think, until recently, but he certainly went over the edge at last."

"Poor Mrs. Meredith!" I exclaimed. "She was so proud of him. However will she bear it?"

"She won't have to, darling," said Tony gently. "I phoned Dad to go to her that evening. By the time he got to her, she

Continuing . . . Murder Among Those Present

was in a coma, and, although we did all we could, she died without regaining consciousness. You mustn't grieve for her. Just be glad that she escaped from intolerable heartache."

I lay silent, thinking of all the tragedy that had stemmed from the wantonness of one slip of a girl. Then another thought attacked me. "Alwyn!" I cried, in swift distress. "Whatever will become of him, Tony?"

"Aunt Bea has taken him under her wing until Mrs. Meredith's sister gets here. She is flying down from New South Wales. Here! Noel, darling! You mustn't upset yourself like this! We are doing all we can for him."

I was crying now, frankly and unashamedly. "Poor baby," I sobbed. "His whole world is in ruins."

"It will be rebuilt," said Tony confidently, but I could not accept his assurance. The thought

of that forlorn little boy haunted me for the rest of the afternoon.

I felt a little happier that evening when Tony reported that Mrs. Meredith's sister had arrived and had already earned Aunt Bea's unqualified approval. She was a brisker, more worldly edition of her sister and Alwyn had warmed to her at once. She had decided to take him home with her to be brought up with her own tumultuous brood.

"We have a large place," she had declared cheerfully, "and another one won't make any difference. There's plenty of everything there — including love. The children will be delighted to have a new playmate and we'll soon have him happy again."

"So you see, you needn't worry any more," said Tony, as he prepared to leave. "Have a good night's rest. I'll have to let Sergeant Blackwood see you tomorrow. I can't stall him off any longer. After you've seen him and told him your story, you must concentrate on getting well. Your first job is to write out your resignation. We're getting married as soon as school closes."

My jaw dropped inelegantly. "But Tony—"

"I'm not listening to any more arguments!" He bent and gently kissed the livid bruises that still disfigured my throat.

"I so nearly lost you," he murmured thickly. "Do you think I'll let you out of my sight again?"

I went to sleep in a haze of selfish happiness.

Morning brought Sergeant Blackwood, awakened and a little uncomfortable, and Inspector Truegood, saturnine as usual.

"I'm sorry about this, Miss Vicary," said the sergeant miserably. "We should have taken better care of you."

"You couldn't have anticipated what happened," I consoled him. "I suppose it was a terrific shock to you when you realised who the murderer was?"

"Not altogether. We had our suspicions of him. He was on the spot on so many occasions and there was a record of a phone call from Devlin's home to his on the night the old chap was killed. He accounted for it quite plausibly and we had to take his word. After Miss Withers died, my suspicions were strengthened, but we hadn't an atom of proof. We just had to wait until he made another move. I'm only sorry you had to run such a risk."

"Do you think you could give me a statement now? We got one from him, of course, but it won't be much good as evidence. He wasn't sane when he made it. A queer jumble it was, too—a mixture of defiance and egotism and Hallelujahs."

PAUL GALICO WRITES OUR NEW SERIAL

WE are pleased to announce that our next serial, "THE ROMANCE OF MR. MENAFEE," is by leading author Paul Gallico.

Outstanding in other aspects, Gallico must also be acknowledged as one of today's most versatile writers. When we published his remarkable "TRIAL BY TERROR" as one of our serials, everyone was struck by its difference in theme and style from his famous "THE SNOW GOOSE."

Now he again gives us a different type of serial — the story of scholarly, hen-pecked Henry Menafee, who, through a circus, finds the escape and inspiration his fettered soul has been craving.

"THE ROMANCE OF MR. MENAFEE" will be published in two long parts, first of which will appear in next week's issue.

from page 60

He seemed rather proud of himself if anything.

He shook his head and sighed heavily, as he produced his notebook. "Now, Miss Vicary, if you don't mind."

I told him my story, interrupted only occasionally by a question from one or other of the men.

"Very much what we gathered from him," commented Inspector Truegood. "I'm afraid you and Dr. Gray will both have to give evidence when he is brought to trial. Then I advise you to forget the whole affair as quickly as possible. It is all over now."

"Thank goodness!" I said fervently. "Sutton will gradually go back to normal. I suppose it is seething at present?"

"Yes. Everyone is badly shocked and some people still refuse to believe their Rector capable of such wickedness."

"It does seem incredible," I mused, "and yet, when you look back, it is so obvious. Once you accept the fact that, despite his cloth, he is a man and as susceptible to Joy Thomas as any other, the whole pattern falls into place. He had unquestioned entry into any home and even to the school. Did he tell you when he put the arsenic in the staff-room cupboard?"

"Immediately after the social. He picked up the envelope off Mr. Marsh's desk. He stole the poison when he first decided to get rid of Joy Thomas, but had no opportunity to use it. Then he thought of the simpler method. He lured her to the river by promising to pay her the money she asked."

"I wonder if he killed Mr. Devlin merely to prevent him making out that list. After all, even if his name had been on it, it would not have meant much. He was often in the dispensary."

"I think there was more to it than that. The old chap had some cause to be suspicious of him, but he couldn't bear to suspect his Rector. He rang him and asked him to come and see him, to give him a chance to explain. I gathered from Meredith's ravings that he gave the poor old fellow some cock and bull explanation which he was only too glad to accept. Then, having soothed him down, he killed him while he was off guard, before his suspicions could revive."

"And, of course, he overheard Miss Withers talking to me. He must have thought that over during the day and dashed straight off to deal with her after the evening service. It's really too awful to think about!"

"He was a thoroughly nasty piece of work," agreed the inspector. "You are a lucky girl to be alive, Miss Vicary."

"I wonder why he tried to

poison me. I never suspected him for a moment."

"He thought you did. Something you said that evening at the Rectory made him think you were suspicious of him. A guilty conscience reads hidden meanings into the most innocent remark. I think he put the poison in your coffee on impulse. When you recovered and there were no further developments, his fears of you were allayed for a time, but he was always on his guard against you. I imagine he kept a pretty close watch on your movements."

The thought was unpleasant and I shrugged it away.

"Try to forget about it now," said the inspector. "Have you any more questions, Miss Vicary?"

"I don't think so. Just one. You made me pretty uncomfortable at times. Did you ever really think I might have had anything to do with it?"

He grinned suddenly — a completely human grin that took me by surprise. "Don't be silly," he said. "I just wanted to frighten you a little to make sure you would tell us all you knew in case you really were hiding anything. Besides — I dislike meddling redheads."

He dropped a parcel on the bed and departed before I could think of a suitable retort. Wonderingly I unwrapped the parcel and stared, dumbfounded, at a large and expensive box of chocolates such as no Sutton shop had ever stocked.

When Tony saw them, he raised his eyebrows and said, with mock sternness, that the sooner he dragged me to the altar, the better. He fulfilled his threat some weeks later.

(Copyright)

A.L. characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

BOND'S sweet young underlovelies

—at real "little-girl" prices



Such beautiful quality, younger sisters can wear them later on

Mothers who have to pay high prices for their daughters' clothes can at least save money when it comes to underwear! Bond's make little girl nighties and pyjamas, vests, pantees and slips, too! In peach, white, sky, to fit girls two right up to twelve.

Bond's
Sweet Young Underlovelies

NOW THE ONLY BREAKFAST CEREAL ENRICHED WITH Glucose

"Life's Vital Force"

These delicious flakes are an essential vitality food, bringing you Glucose—the source of all your energy.



BRIGHT NEW PACK!

New luscious flavour

TASTE THE DIFFERENCE! Never before has wheat tasted so good! Glucose makes every flake more delicious.

SEE THE DIFFERENCE! Watch how each golden flake stands up to milk. Crisper and firmer than any other wheat flake or biscuit.

FEEL THE DIFFERENCE! Made from the outer layers of the wheat grain which are rich in Vitamin B1, B2, Phosphorus, Niacin and Iron — these new improved Kellogg's Bran Flakes are more nourishing, too! Mildly laxative—ideal for children and elderly folk.

New Kellogg's BRAN FLAKES

BF53-1

IT'S *EASY* TO PLAN

SPRING
MENUS...

...FOR DAYS
AT HOME

WEEK-ENDS
AWAY...

...UNEXPECTED
GUESTS!

IT'S *SO EASY*
WHEN YOU HAVE

Swift

LUNCHEON BEEF, ZEM, OR
PLATE BRAND CORNED BEEF



+ 8 Hot Meals

- IRISH STEW,
- MEAT BALLS,
- LAMB AND PEAS,
- CASSEROLE STEAK,
- STEAK AND KIDNEY PUDDING,
- BEEF AND VEGETABLES,
- BRAISED STEAK WITH ONIONS,
- CORNED BEEF WITH DICED POTATOES.



Grocer Sam says:

Swift FOOD PRODUCTS ARE ALWAYS GOOD

Swift Australian Company (Pty.) Limited.
Nationwide manufacturers and distributors of famous food products.

8W18/HPC

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician,
and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian
servant, learn of the plight of
PRINCESS NARDA after they
are kidnapped and taken to
the planet Venus. When no
one believes her story, Narda
is tried and found guilty of

their murder. Cold germs, in-
troduced to the planet by
Lothar, prove deadly to the
Venusians, and to save them-
selves from extinction they
send Mandrake and Lothar
back to earth in time to save
Narda from execution.
NOW READ ON:

BEGINNING: MYSTERY OF
THE VANISHING HOMES!



BUT WHEN HE RETURNS TO HIS OFFICE—



THE CHIEF SENDS FOR MANDRAKE:



TO BE CONTINUED

Don't be
HALF-SAFE!



New Cream Deodorant SAFELY STOPS PERSPIRATION 1 to 3 DAYS

Don't discover winter
perspiration odor too late.

Even a daily shower isn't the answer to freedom from underarm odor. It can't stop the perspiration which causes this embarrassment! And you perspire in winter as well as in summer. Heavy clothing activity—even your emotions—all cause perspiration. So don't be half-safe—use Arrid. Used daily, Arrid protects two ways:

1. It STOPS PERSPIRATION... safely, effectively... for 1 to 3 days.
2. It STOPS UNDERARM ODOR on contact, keeps you bath-fresh up to 48 hours.

Arrid saves clothes from perspiration stains, rotting, and clinging odors. Arrid is safe for skin, keeps you safe from embarrassment, too. Buy a jar of the new cream deodorant—Arrid.

ARRID TO
BE SURE



Permanently destroys FACIAL HAIRS



"VANIX"
treatment kills
the roots of
unsightly hair
by a devitalizing
process.
The hair soon
becomes less noticeable, then gradually
withers and dies. "Vanix"
kills without injuring the skin.

"VANIX" is only 7/6 a bottle from all
branches of Washington, H. Soul
Pattinson & Co. Ltd., Sydney and
Newcastle, Swift's Pharmacy, 372
Little Collins St., Melbourne; Myer
Department, Melbourne; Binks Chem-
ists Ltd., 57 and 278 Rundle St.,
Adelaide, and Boush Ltd., Perth.
Mail Orders (8/6 including postage)
from above or direct from The Vanix
Co., Box 38-A, G.P.O., Melbourne.



Blemishes

A soap as pure and gentle as Cuticura helps to clear away pimples and blemishes and gives you the smooth beauty of a lovely skin. Fragrant, soothing and of a copious creamy lather, the deep down cleansing of mildly medicated Cuticura Soap will safeguard your natural loveliness. Buy a tablet today.

Cuticura
SOAP

LOOK FOR THESE SYMPTOMS OF WORMS

Itchy nose, irritability, furred
tongue, loss of appetite, diarrhoea,
sore breath, grinding teeth, bowel
disorders, disturbed sleep. Destroy
worms by taking

Comstock's Worm Pellets



Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make

"MARGERY."—An attractive one-piece dress featuring a shirt-maker bodice and full skirt. The material is a diamond-patterned Everglaze. The color choice includes white, silver-grey, pale blue, lemon-maize, pastel pink, and pale green.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 67/9; 36in. and 38in. bust, 69/11.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 46/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 48/3. Postage and registration, 2/9 extra.

"RUTH."—Cool summer dress designed with the new wide shoulderline and short sleeves. The neckline and sleeves are finished with white pique. The material is pin-spotted summer breeze. The color choice includes navy, saxe-blue, red, lemon, pink, and pastel green grounds, all printed with a white spot.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 49/3; 36in. and 38in. bust, 52/9. Postage and registration, 2/9 extra.



NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 37. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained immediately at Fashion Patterns, 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.



Fit as can be, and never a day's illness! Mother knows that much of the credit is due to Scott's Emulsion, which contains vital elements necessary to health, strength and resistance to coughs and colds.

CONTAINS NATURAL VITAMINS
Pure cod liver oil, natural vitamins A and D, and tonic hypophosphites. Youngsters like Scott's Emulsion. It tastes good and easily digests. Keep your whole family fit and free from winter's ills with Scott's Emulsion. Get a bottle to-day.



Give your hair LIFE!
Bring back all its softness and sheen with



It protects hair cells, prevents dryness. Available at chemists, hair-dressers, and stores.

EACH BRIGHT RIVER
By Mildred Masterson McNeilly

Kitty Gatewood from Carolina finds danger, hardship, success and a new love in wild surroundings in Oregon.

15/- From all Booksellers.

Your Favourite Laxative

NOW IN TWO FORMS

Today, more than ever, NYAL FIGSEN is the ideal family laxative. FIGSEN now comes in two forms — Figsen Regular (Australia's favourite family laxative), and Figsen Double Strength for those who prefer a slightly more positive laxative action. Figsen Regular, packed in a tin, is equally suitable for children or adults. It is mild, pleasant-tasting and gentle-acting.

Nyal Figsen Double Strength is specially formulated for adults. Like Figsen Regular it acts promptly, but gently, without pain or griping, to restore normal bowel action. The formula of this natural-acting laxative is plainly printed on the package — that's why your chemist can recommend NYAL FIGSEN with confidence.

NYAL FIGSEN

REGULAR 2/3 • DOUBLE STRENGTH 3/6



NYAL MILK OF MAGNESIA

A teaspoonful of dependable NYAL Milk of Magnesia after each feeding prevents "wind" pains and acidity in infants. Its gentle laxative action ensures regular habits. The name "NYAL" is your guarantee that the Milk of Magnesia you buy is the finest quality obtainable. NYAL Milk of Magnesia is smooth, even and pleasant to take. Sweetened and Regular. Two sizes:—6 oz., 2/6; 12 oz., 4/3.



NYAL BRONCHITIS MIXTURE

NYAL Bronchitis Mixture is a proven, effective, dependable medicine which acts three ways in "breaking" stubborn coughs. The medication penetrates into congested bronchial tubes—cuts phlegm, making breathing easier... soothes inflamed membranes of the throat and chest... brings soothing relief from irritating coughing. Two sizes:—3/9, 6/3.



NYAL VITAMIN & MINERAL TONIC

If you feel run down or nervy, the chances are you need a good tonic. NYAL Vitamin & Mineral Tonic is a palatable general tonic valuable for all nervous and anemic conditions. It is a balanced formula of 8 Complex Vitamins and essential minerals. Builds strength, improves appetite. 8 oz., 6/3; 16 oz., 11/3.



NYAL DECONGESTANT EYE DROPS

Contain a remarkable new decongestant known as Phenylephrine. NYAL Decongestant Eye Drops are soothing to sore, inflamed or aching eyes, and rapidly clear bloodshot eyes. Relieve burning, itching and smarting of conjunctivitis and granulated lids. The drops spread evenly, will not blink out of the eyes. Packed in special handy dropper, 4/9.



NYAL ANTACID POWDER

An effective treatment which brings quick relief from the pain and discomfort of indigestion, acid stomach, flatulence and heartburn. NYAL Antacid Powder contains seven active ingredients which are designed to help digest starchy foods, to neutralise acids and to afford soothing protection to irritated mucous membranes of the stomach. 3/6.



NYAL BABY POWDER

Here's a beautifully fine powder, designed to bring soothing, cooling comfort for baby's super-sensitive skin. NYAL Baby Powder contains an ingredient which actually resists moisture and thereby lessens the chance of wet nappies chafing baby's tender skin. Delicately perfumed. Two sizes:—Regular, 2/3; Economy, 4/6.



NYAL CREOPHOS

After the weakening effects of cough and flu, you need a good tonic to rebuild strength and energy. NYAL Creophos is a reliable restorative tonic, containing nine body-building ingredients. Apart from its tonic properties, NYAL Creophos helps to clear up stubborn coughs that so often follow flu. Three sizes:—3/9, 6/3, 7/6.



The formula of every NYAL Medicine is plainly printed on the package. That's one reason why your chemist can recommend any NYAL medicine with complete confidence. He knows what each one contains and what it is intended to do. Whenever there's a need for a medicine in your home, play safe—ask your chemist which NYAL medicine he would recommend.

Sold only by Chemists

NYAL

NYAL Sunburn Cream 3/6
NYAL Worm Syrup (with Santonin) 3/9
NYAL Huskies 1/9, 2/6
NYAL Iodised Throat Tablets 2/6, 2/9
NYAL Baby Soap 1/1

NYAL Cold Sore Lotion 2/3
NYAL Core Remover 2/3
NYAL Decongestant Baby Cough Elixir 3/6
NYAL Esterin 3/6
NYAL Decongestant Nasal Drops 4/6

NYAL Aspirin-Codeine Tablets 2/6, 3/3
NYAL Baby Cough Syrup 2/9, 3/9
NYAL Calamine-Lanolin Cream 2/3
NYAL Children's Cough Mixture 2/9, 3/9
NYAL Cold Sore Cream 2/3